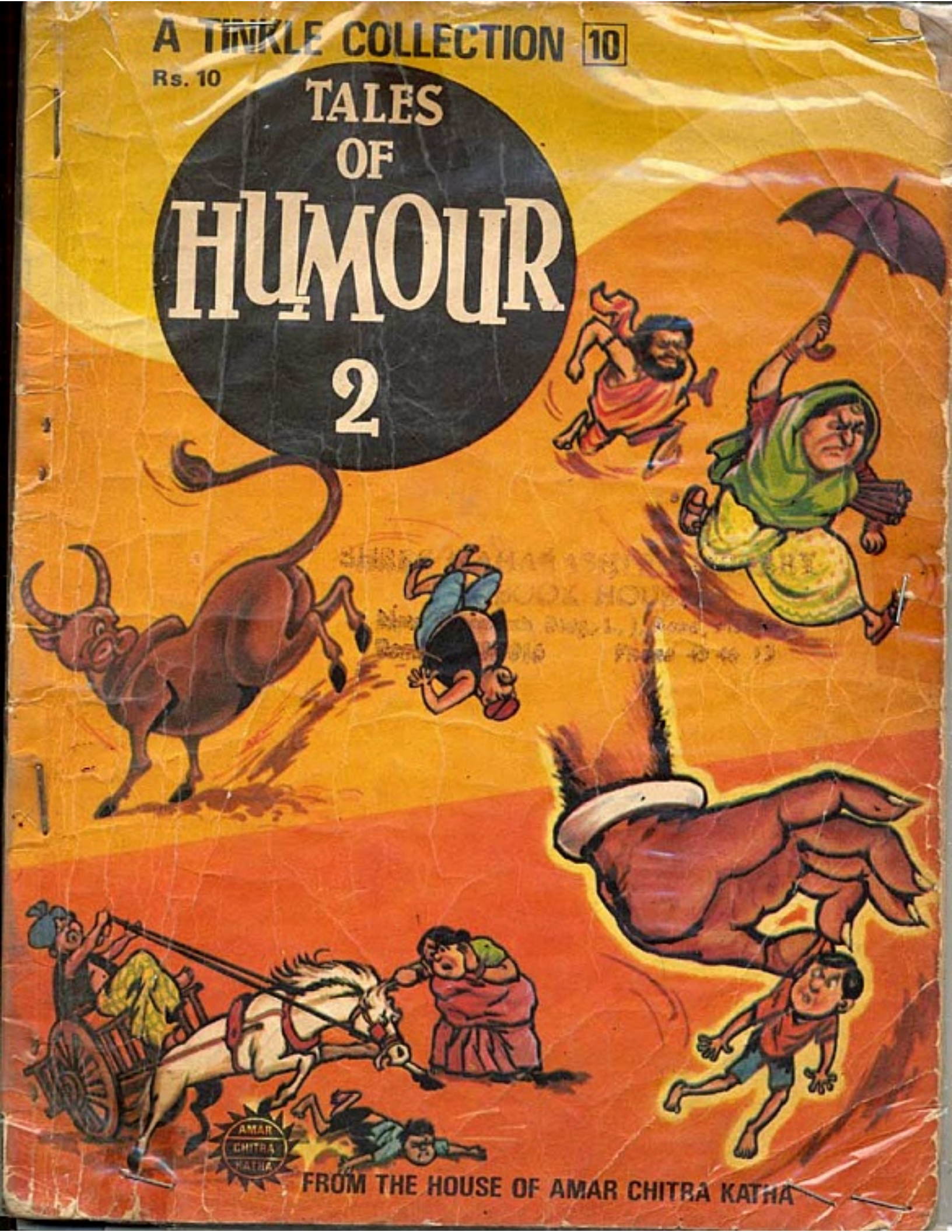
A TINKLE COLLECTION 10

Rs. 10

TALES OF HUMOUR 2



FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

This book belongs to :

_____

_____

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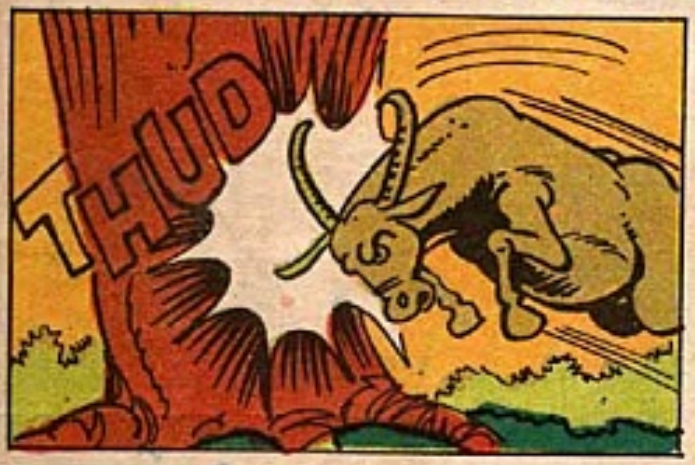
Editor: Anant Pai
Associate Editors: Nira Benegal
Production: Maranna B. Shetty

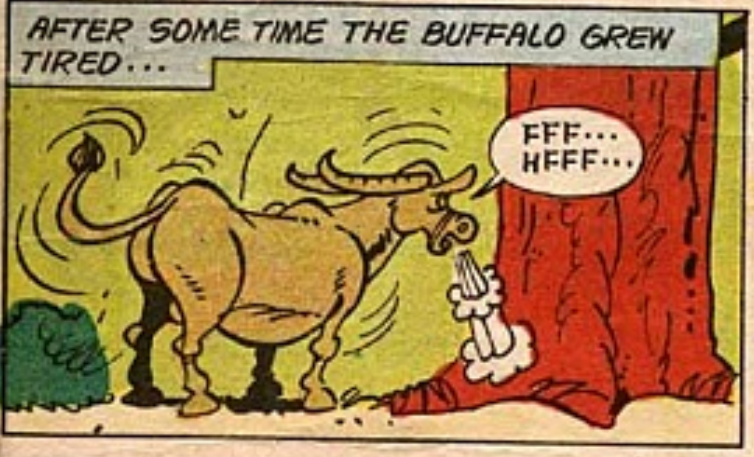
Readers' Choice

THE MONEY-LENDER MEETS HIS MATCH

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Arup Jyoti, Nagaland





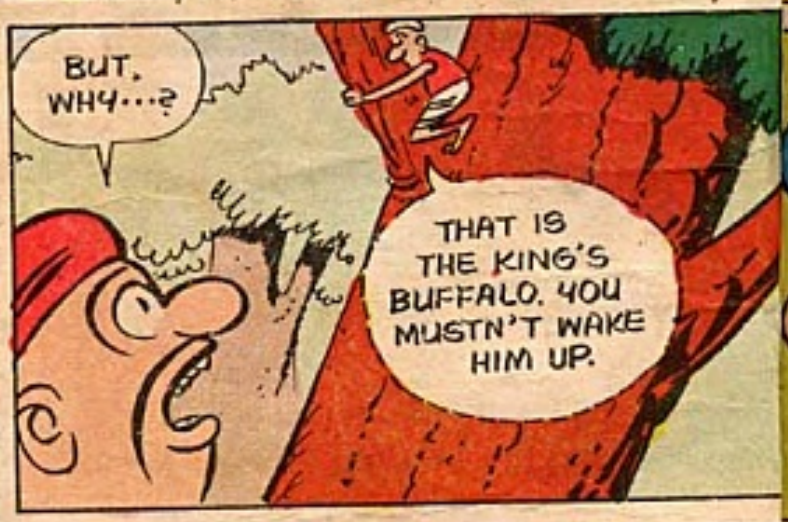
...HUH! HERE'S DAYARAM, THE MONEY-LENDER!

I'LL PLAY A TRICK ON HIM... HEE HEE HEE!

SSSH...
?

SSSH! UP HERE.

OH, IT'S YOU...
HUSH! LOWER YOUR VOICE!


BUT, WHY...?
THAT IS THE KING'S BUFFALO. YOU MUSTN'T WAKE HIM UP.

COME UP HERE IF YOU WANT TO MAKE SOME MONEY.
MONEY? OH, GOOD!

WHEN THE MAN HAD CLIMBED UP —
NOW LISTEN— FOR A MONTH NOW, I HAVE BEEN THE KEEPER OF THIS BUFFALO.

MY JOB IS MERELY TO SIT ON THIS TREE AND MIND IT. WHEN I TAKE IT BACK TO THE PALACE IN THE EVENING, THE KING GIVES ME A THOUSAND GOLD COINS.
A THOUSAND GOLD COINS? FOR ONLY A DAY'S WORK?

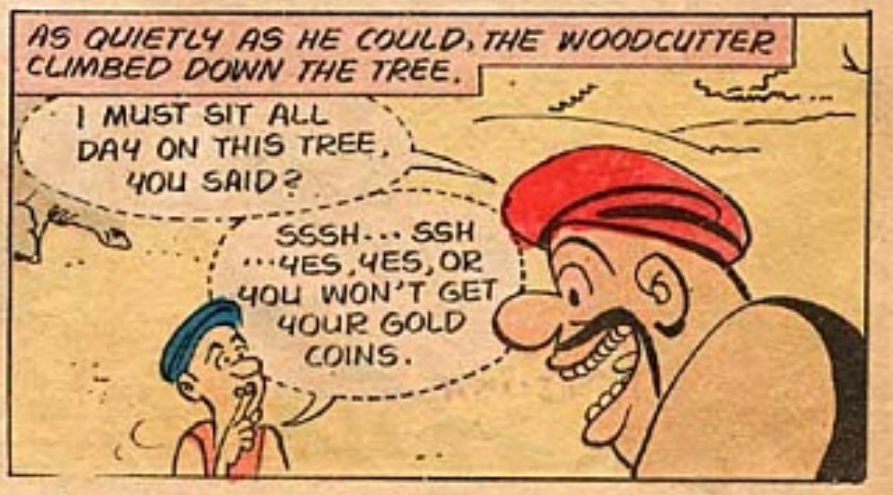
YES — THAT'S HOW PRECIOUS THIS BUFFALO IS!

HAVING DONE THIS JOB FOR SO LONG, I HAVE BECOME A RICH MAN.

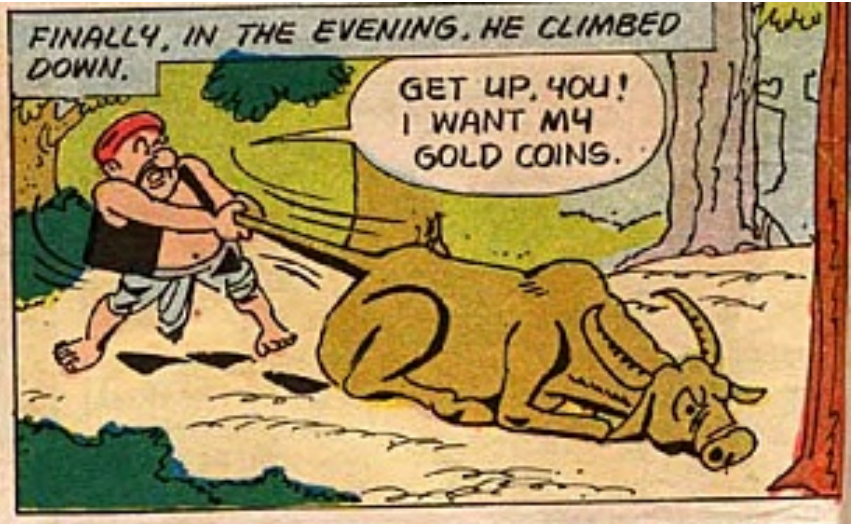
NOW I FEEL I SHOULD LET SOMEBODY ELSE MAKE SOME MONEY TOO.

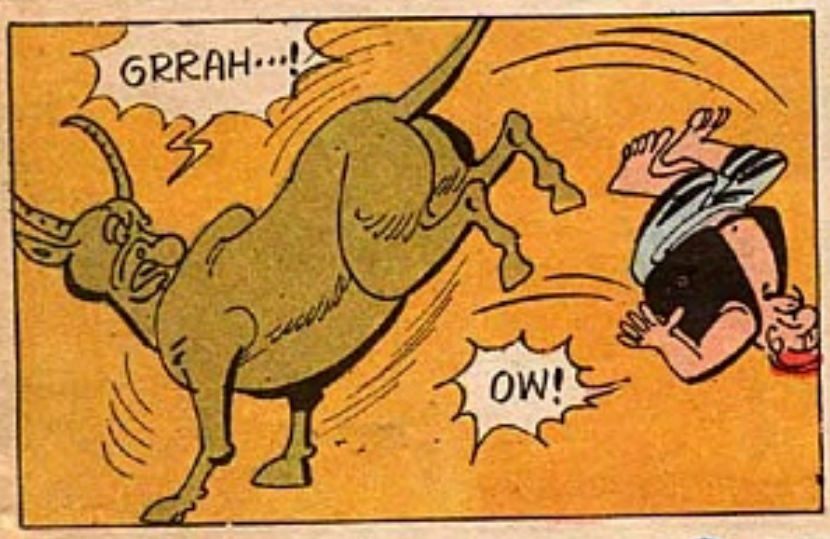
HOW THOUGHTFUL AND KIND YOU ARE! I WILL GLADLY TAKE UP THE JOB!
A WISE DECISION!

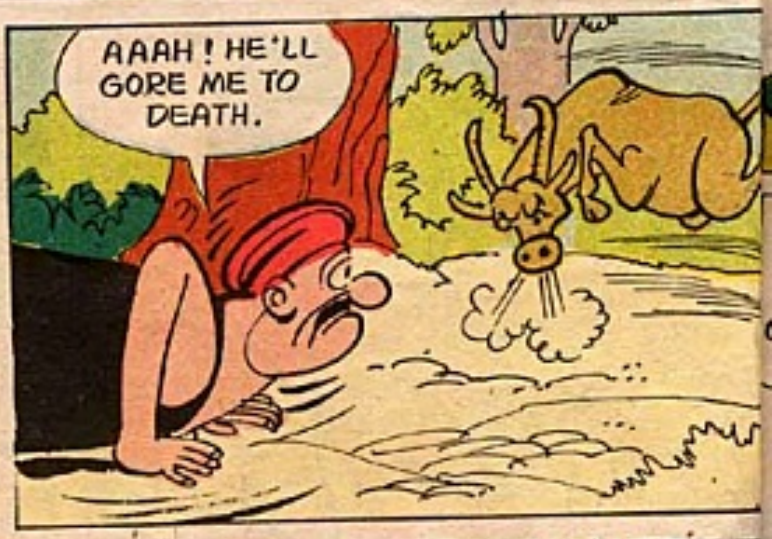
THE BRUTE IS STILL ASLEEP. GOOD!

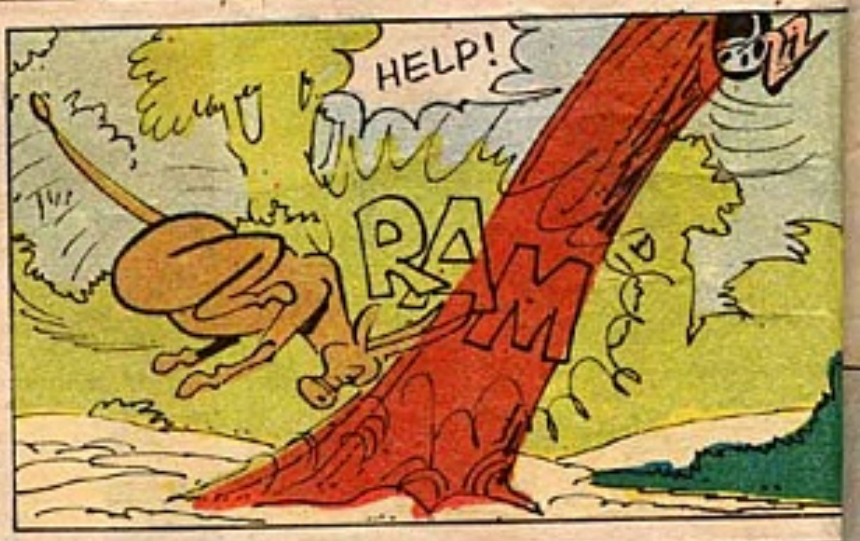

AS QUIETLY AS HE COULD, THE WOODCUTTER CLIMBED DOWN THE TREE.
I MUST SIT ALL DAY ON THIS TREE, YOU SAID?
SSSH... SSH ...YES, YES, OR YOU WON'T GET YOUR GOLD COINS.

SO ALL AFTERNOON, THE MONEY LENDER SAT ON THE TREE.
OOOH! HOW STIFF AND SORE MY LIMBS HAVE BECOME.

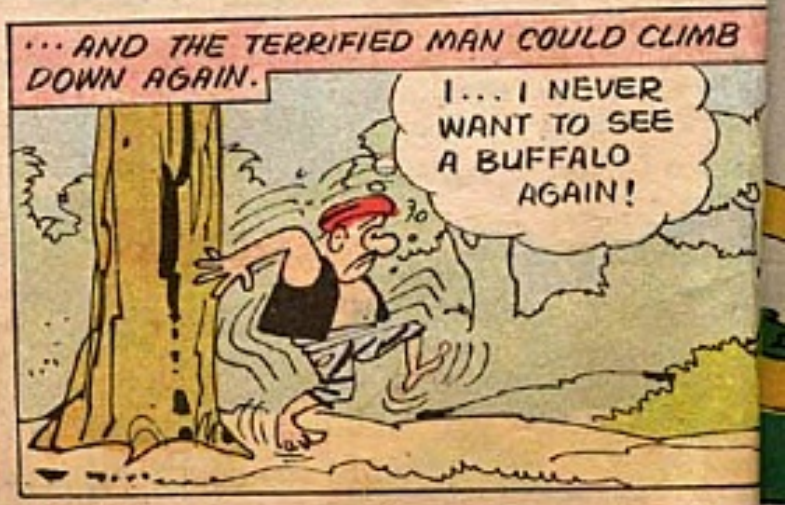

FINALLY, IN THE EVENING, HE CLIMBED DOWN.
GET UP, YOU! I WANT MY GOLD COINS.


GRRAH...!
OW!


AAAH! HE'LL GORE ME TO DEATH.


HELP!
RAM

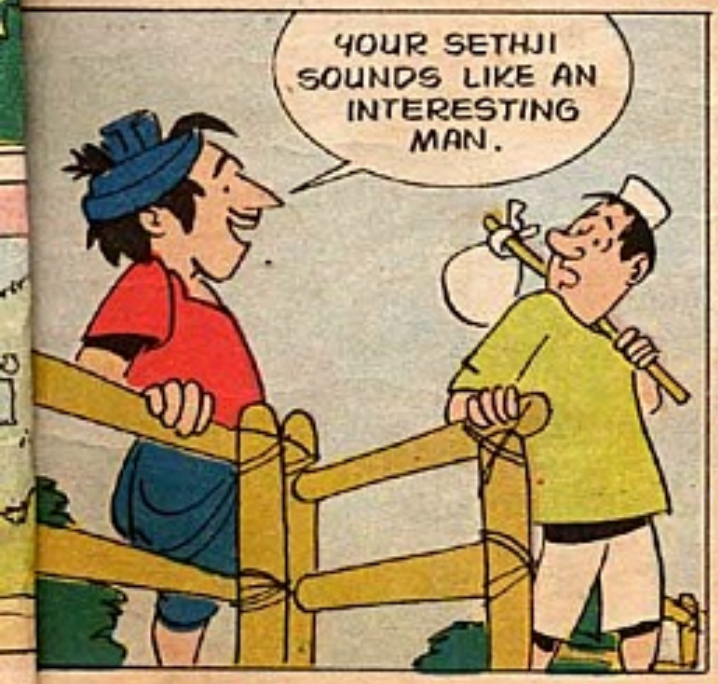
IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THE BUFFALO LEFT...


...AND THE TERRIFIED MAN COULD CLIMB DOWN AGAIN.
I... I NEVER WANT TO SEE A BUFFALO AGAIN!

SUNDAR AND THE SETH

Based on a story sent by Avlok, New Delhi

Illustrations : V. B. Halbe



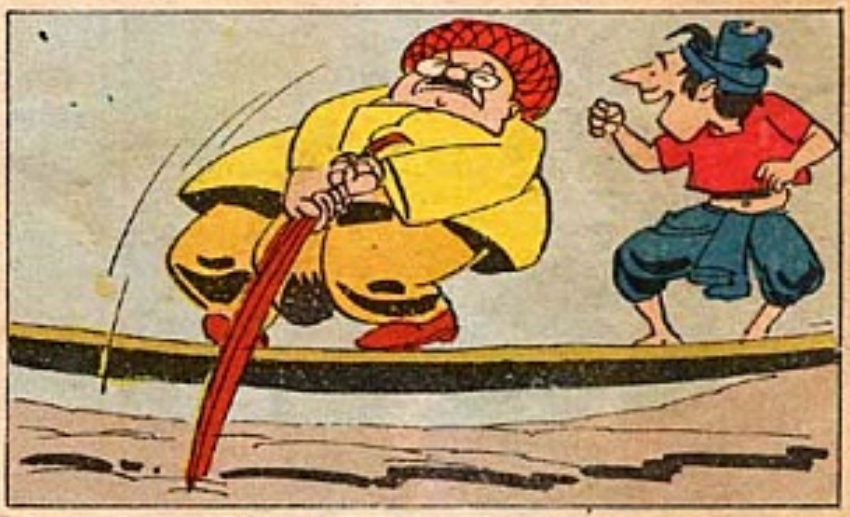
SOON —
SETHJI, DO YOU NEED A SERVANT?
I DO, BUT...
...I HAVE CERTAIN CONDITIONS...
I KNOW ABOUT THEM, SETHJI.
YOU DO? THEN YOU CAN START IMMEDIATELY.
A FEW DAYS LATER —
HE DOES THE WORK OF THREE MEN!
AND EATS AS MUCH!
LET HIM EAT! REMEMBER, HE WON'T BE GETTING A PAISA FROM US!
ONE DAY AS SUNDER WAS PASSING BY A DESERTED SPOT —
A DEAD HORSE. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
SUNDER CUT OFF THE HORSE'S TAIL. THEN GOING HOME HE UNTIED THE SETH'S MARE, LED IT TO THE FOREST...
... AND TIED IT TO A TREE THERE.

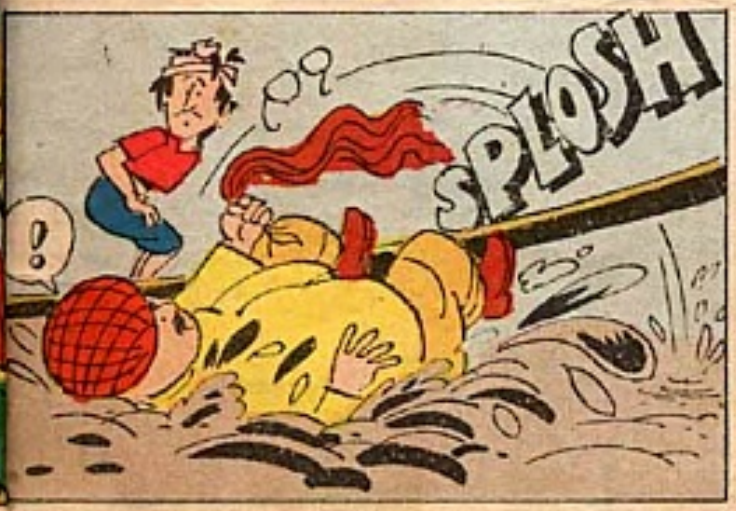
AFTERWARDS HE PLANTED THE HORSE'S TAIL IN A MARSHY SPOT...

... AND RAN HOME.
SETHJI! SETHJI! YOUR MARE IS SINKING IN THE MARSH. HURRY! HURRY!
OH!

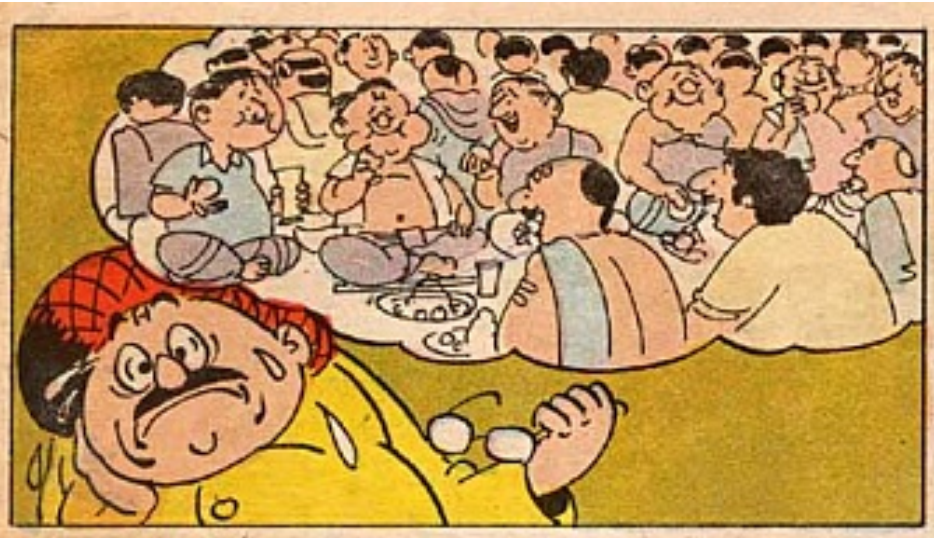
LOOK! IT'S GONE IN!

OH, THE POOR MARE!




SPLOSH
!

SETHJI, YOU HAVE KILLED YOUR MARE. NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE A FEAST TO ATONE FOR YOUR SIN.
A... FEAST?



SUNDER, LET'S KEEP THIS TO OURSELVES!

DON'T BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO ANYBODY. PLEASE!
BUT, SETHJI, YOU KILLED...

SHH! SUNDER, NOT SO LOUD! I'LL PAY YOU A HUNDRED RUPEES TO KEEP QUIET.
ONLY ONE HUNDRED?. A FEAST WOULD HAVE COST YOU...

'ALL RIGHT! TAKE TWO HUNDRED!
IT'S A DEAL!

THE TWO RETURNED HOME AND SETHJI PAID SUNDER THE MONEY. THE NEXT DAY—
SUNDER FETCH THE DOCUMENTS I HAVE TO TAKE TO THE ZAMINDAR.
YES, SIR.

SUNDER WENT IN...
...WRAPPED SOME CHAPPALS IN A PIECE OF CLOTH...

...AND GAVE THE PARCEL TO HIS MASTER.

AT THE ZAMINDAR'S HOUSE—
I HAVE BROUGHT THE PAPERS, SIR.

HERE THEY... OH! OH!
HA! HA! HA!

THE SETH RETURNED HOME, FUMING WITH RAGE—
YOU... YOU...!
YES, SETHJI?

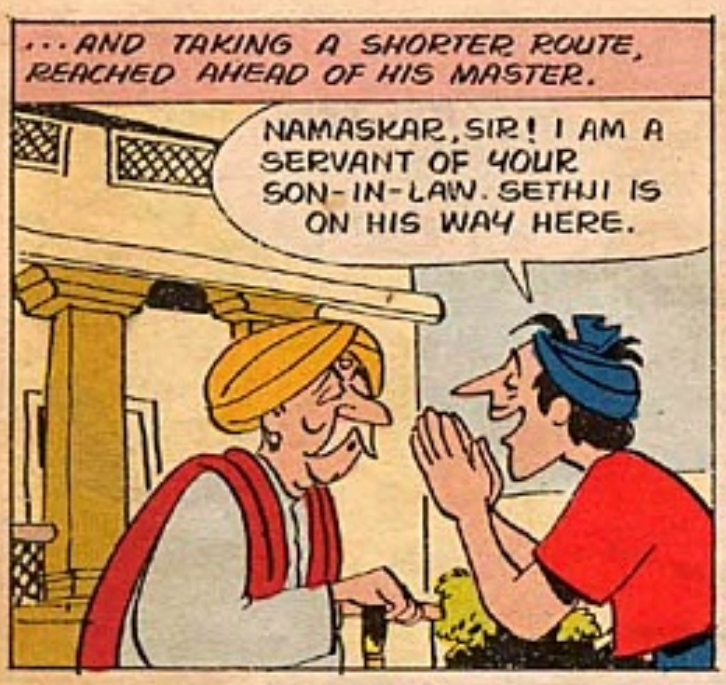
YOU ROGUE! HOW DARE YOU INSULT ME!
I DIDN'T DO A THING SETHJI...

...YET YOU CAN SACK ME IF YOU LIKE!
I WILL!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE...! NEVER MIND!

A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN SETHJI HAD TO GO TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSE...

...SUNDER FOLLOWED HIM QUIETLY...


...AND TAKING A SHORTER ROUTE, REACHED AHEAD OF HIS MASTER.
NAMASKAR, SIR! I AM A SERVANT OF YOUR SON-IN-LAW. SETHJI IS ON HIS WAY HERE.

SETHANI HAS SENT ME TO TELL YOU THAT ONLY GREEN CHILLIES AND BLACK SALT SHOULD BE GIVEN TO HIM AS FOOD.
GREEN CHILLIES AND SALT?

A SPECIAL DIET, SIR. HE IS NOT WELL, YOU KNOW.
WHAT IS WRONG WITH HIM?

HE IS... SUFFERING... FROM BRAIN-FEVER... BEHAVES STRANGELY AT TIMES.
OH, MY GOD!

SETHJI ARRIVED A LITTLE LATER. AT LUNCH TIME —
HERE IS YOUR SPECIAL LUNCH, SON-IN-LAW.
SPECIAL LUNCH... THIS?

YES. YOUR SERVANT HAS TOLD US ALL.
MY SERVANT?

YOU!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE, MOTHER. HE FORGETS SO SOON...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
REMEMBER THE MARE, SETHJI?

OR SHOULD I REMIND YOU?
YOU... YOU...! WELL... I'LL EAT THIS... SPECIAL FOOD!

AND FOR SUPPER, TOO, SETHJI HAD TO EAT THE SPECIAL FOOD—CHILLIES AND SALT...

AT MIDNIGHT—
OH... THAT RASCAL! I'LL... I'LL PUNISH HIM... BUT... FIRST... SOME FOOD... OH!

HE TIPTOED TO THE KITCHEN...

...OPENED A TIN OF LADDOOS...

...AND BEGAN TO EAT.

SUDDENLY—
THANN

BUT SUNDER DID NOT CUT OFF THE SETH'S NOSE. HE ACCEPTED FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES AND RETURNED HOME. HE GAVE THE SETH'S MARE TO HIS FRIEND, SONU.

Readers' Choice

THE REWARD

Illustrations: G. R. Naik

Based on a story sent by S. Badrinath

THE FARMER IS A LUCKY MAN INDEED!

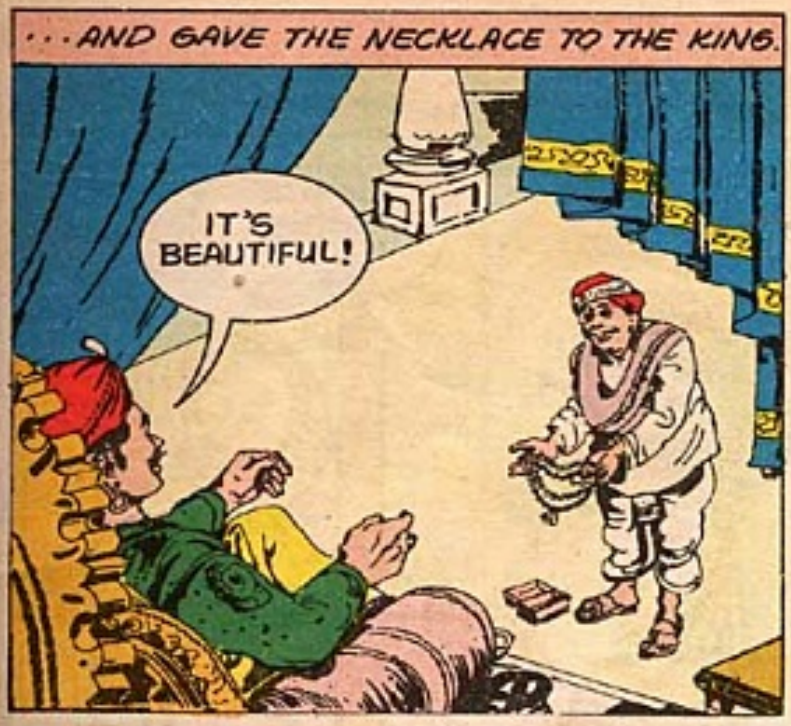
NEWS OF THE FARMER'S GOOD FORTUNE REACHED THE EARS OF A RICH MISER.
A THOUSAND COINS FOR A MERE PUMPKIN?

I WONDER WHAT HE WOULD GIVE ME IF I OFFERED HIM THIS COSTLY NECKLACE.

CARTLOADS OF GOLD...

...OR DIAMONDS!

THE MISER WENT TO THE PALACE...


...AND GAVE THE NECKLACE TO THE KING.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

WHAT CAN I GIVE YOU IN RETURN? GOLD? DIAMONDS?

NO, YOU ARE A RICH MAN AND WOULD NOT CARE FOR SUCH THINGS.

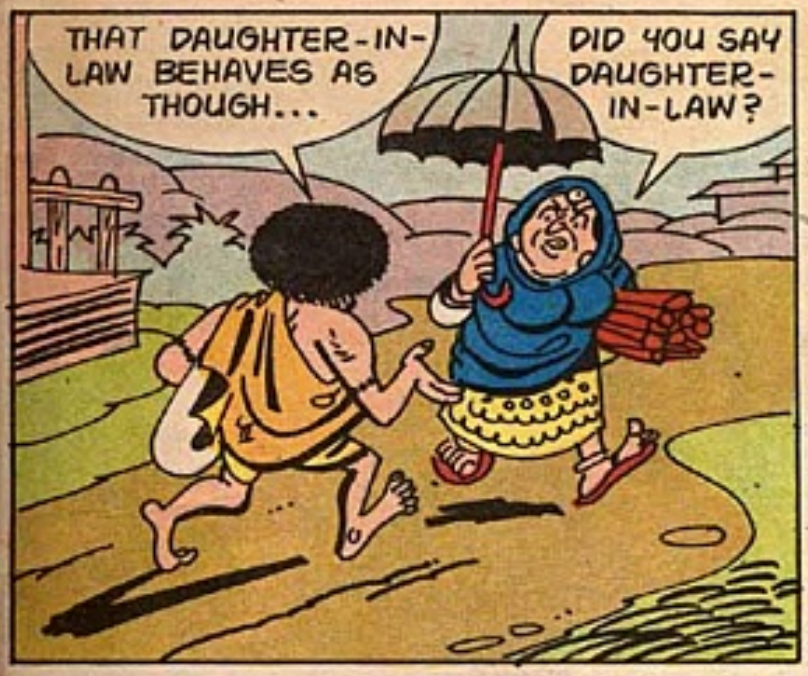
AH, I KNOW WHAT I CAN GIVE YOU!

THE PUMPKIN!

THE MISER, CLUTCHING THE HEAVY PUMPKIN STUMBLED OUT OF THE PALACE IN A DAZE.

A MATTER OF RIGHTS

Story by : Kamini Dinesh
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar


THAT DAUGHTER-IN-LAW BEHAVES AS THOUGH...
DID YOU SAY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW?

YES. THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THAT HOUSE TURNED ME DOWN WHEN I ASKED FOR ALMS...
WHAT! MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW REFUSED ALMS TO YOU!

YES, MOTHER! WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS — THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE?

COME WITH ME, SIR. I'LL SHOW YOU WHOSE WRIT RUNS IN THE HOUSE.
YOU'RE VERY KIND.

LET ME CARRY THAT FIREWOOD.
NO... NO...

I INSIST.

KNOCK
KNOCK

YOU INSOLENT GIRL!
!

HOW DARE YOU DRIVE AWAY PEOPLE WHO COME HERE!
!...
!...

GO TO THE KITCHEN! I'LL HAVE SOMETHING MORE TO SAY TO YOU LATER!

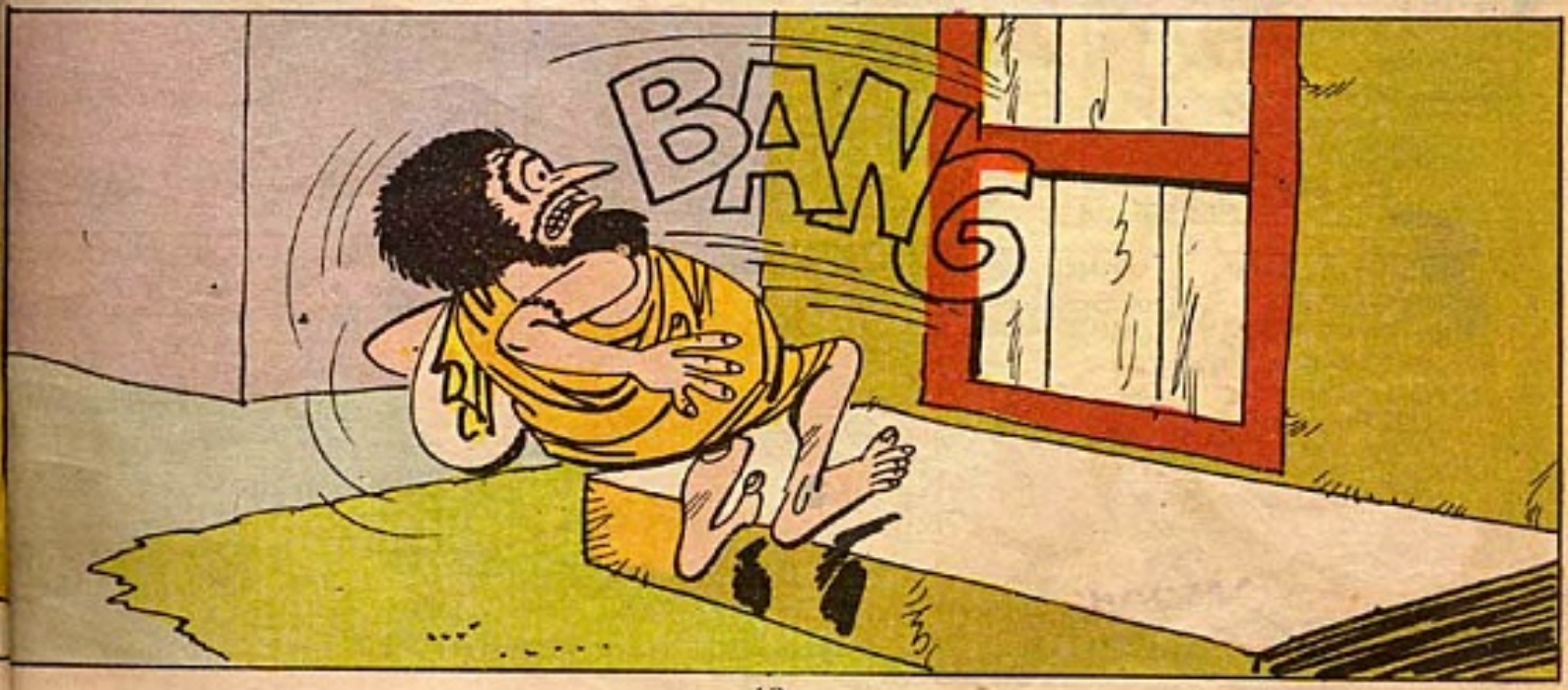
THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK, MOTHER.

NOW . . .

GO AWAY! THERE'S NEITHER FLOUR NOR BREAD FOR YOU HERE!

MOTHER!

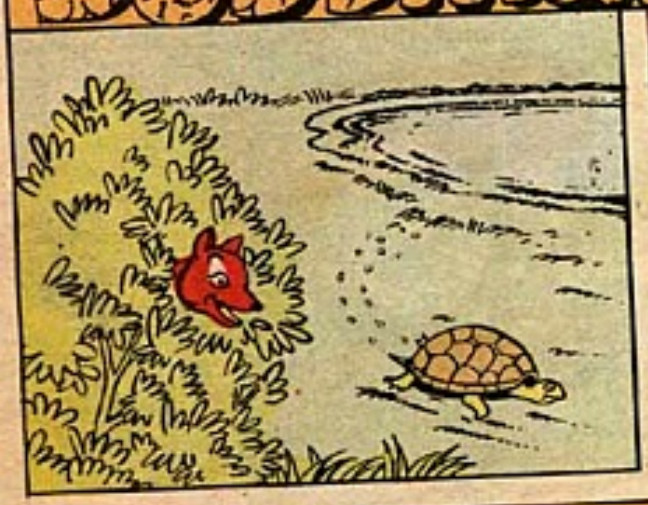
IT IS I WHO REFUSE TO GIVE YOU ANYTHING! I AM THE MISTRESS HERE!

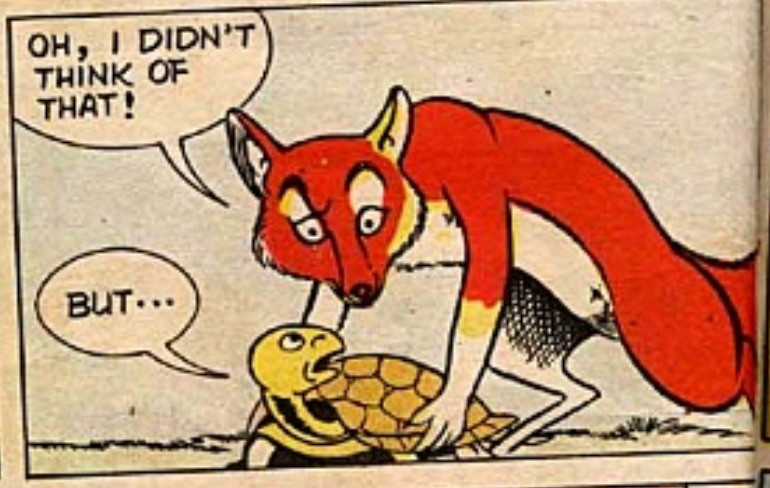

BAWG

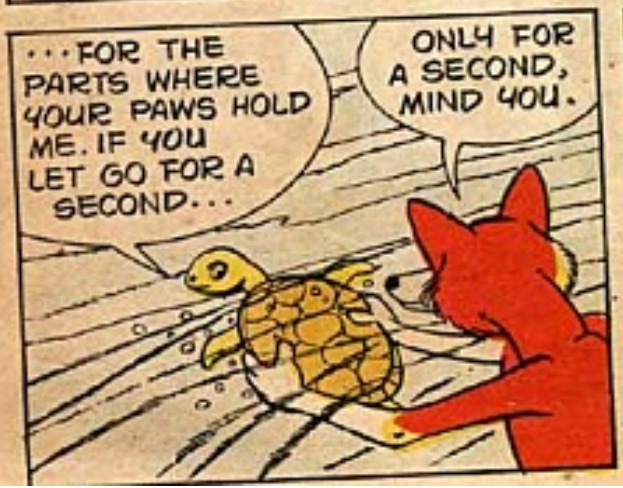
BUDDHIRAJ

Illustrations: Chandrakant Rane

Based on a story sent by P. Sunil, Hyderabad





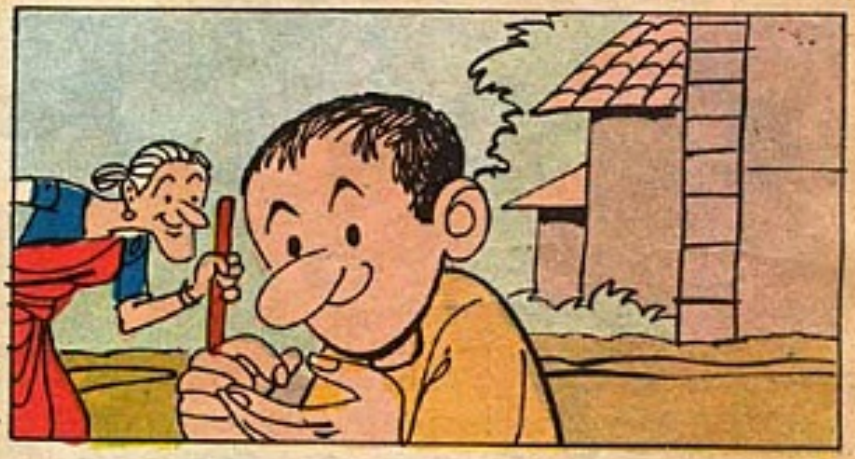


Readers' Choice

THE BOY AND HIS COINS

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by S. Prema, Arcot



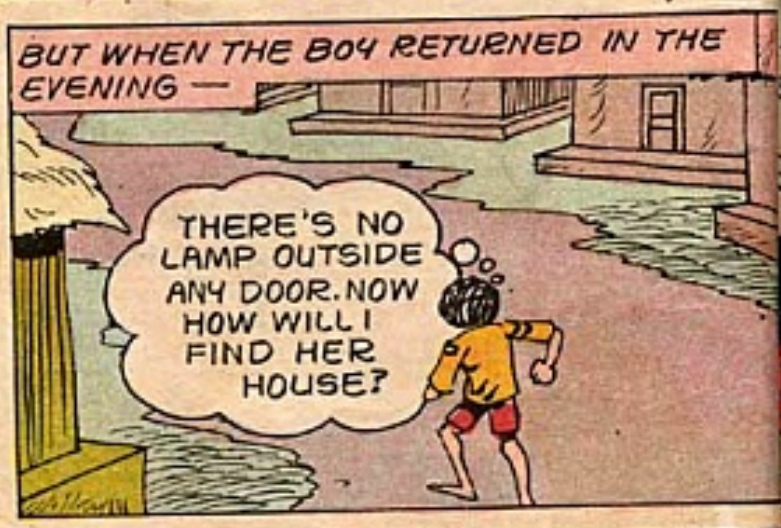
I'LL TAKE A STROLL THROUGH THE TOWN BEFORE I GO HOME.
A WORD OF WARNING, SON. THERE ARE PICKPOCKETS IN THE TOWN...

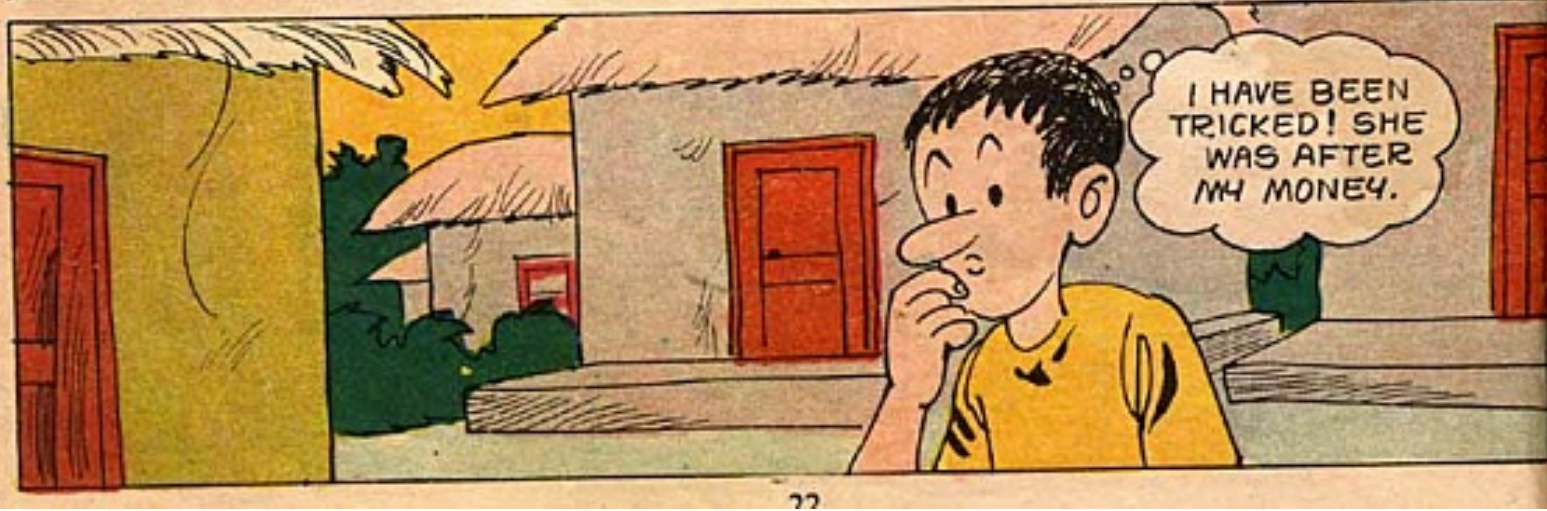
WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY WITH ME? YOU CAN COLLECT IT ON YOUR WAY HOME.
YES, I'LL DO THAT.

HERE.

THE HOUSES LOOK SO SIMILAR! HOW WILL I FIND YOUR HOUSE IN THE DARK?
I'LL KEEP A LAMP OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

WHAT A KIND LADY SHE IS...


BUT WHEN THE BOY RETURNED IN THE EVENING —
THERE'S NO LAMP OUTSIDE ANY DOOR. NOW HOW WILL I FIND HER HOUSE?


I HAVE BEEN TRICKED! SHE WAS AFTER MY MONEY.

THE BOY BEGAN TO CRY...

AND SOON A CROWD COLLECTED...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?
LOST YOUR WAY?
DON'T CRY!

I FOUND TEN GOLD COINS ON THE ROAD.

AND I WANT TO KEEP THEM WITH THE KIND LADY WHO HELPED ME, BUT I CAN'T FIND HER HOUSE!

HERE I AM, BOY. HERE I AM! GIVE ME THE COINS!

THE ONLY COINS I HAD ARE WITH YOU.

NOW MAY I HAVE THEM BACK?
TRICKED!
THE OLD WOMAN COULD DO NOTHING ELSE BUT RETURN THE BOY'S MONEY.

Readers' Choice

THE LOCKED POSTBOX

Illustrations : Jayanti Manoharan

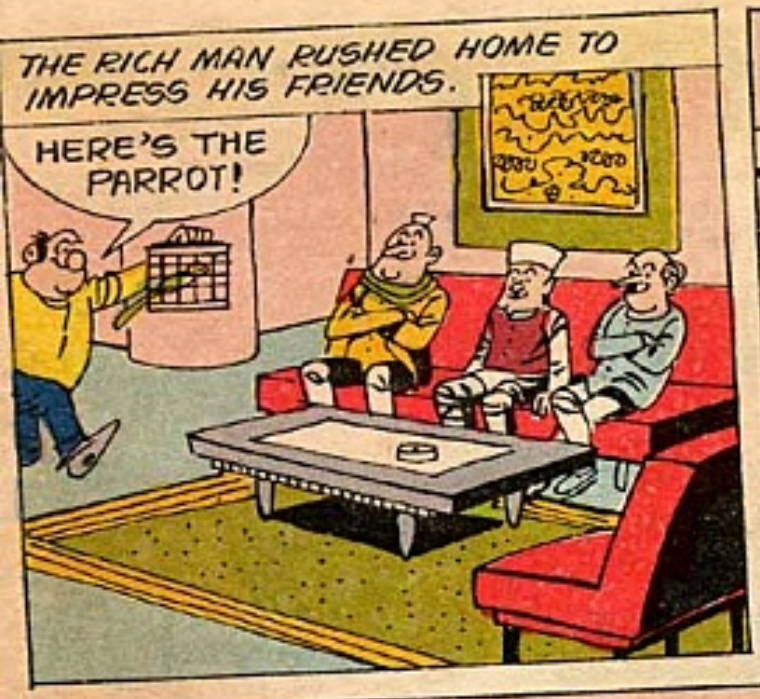
Based on a story sent by Bhagat Chandra, Vasco-da-Gama

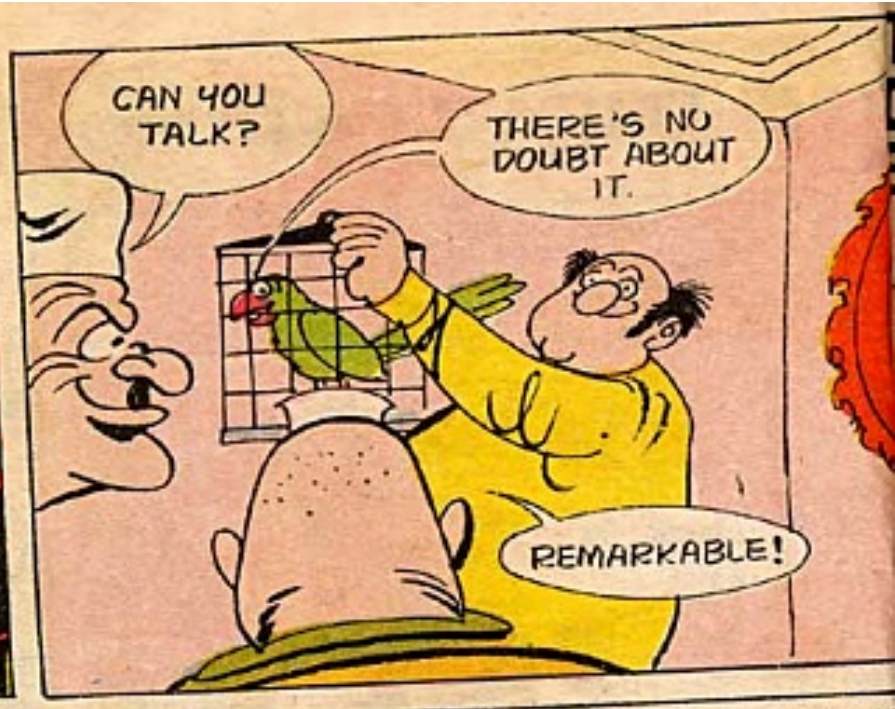
THE SHOW-OFF

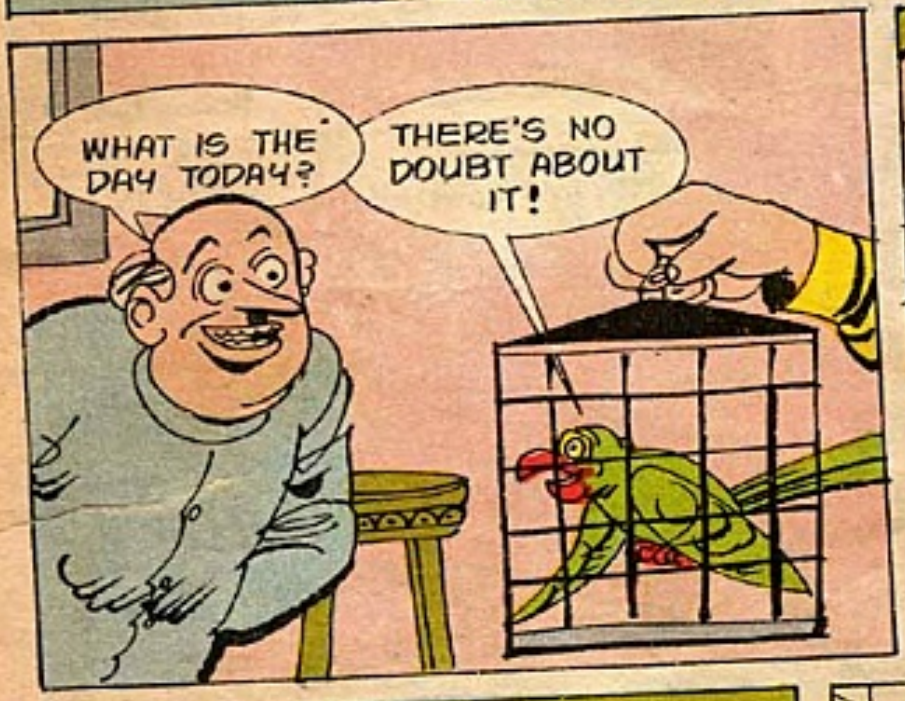
Readers' Choice

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Ajay Pahuja, Bombay

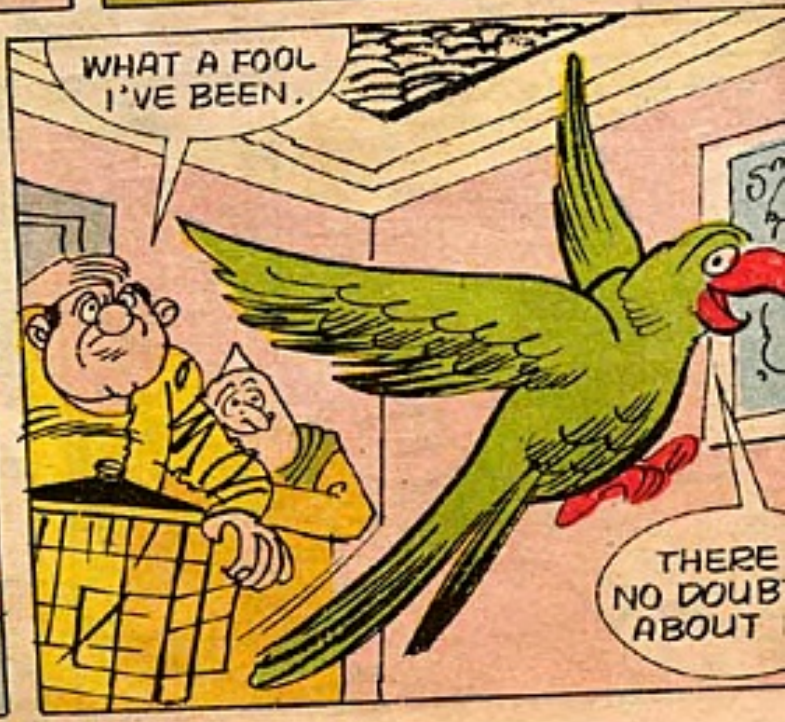

THE RICH MAN RUSHED HOME TO IMPRESS HIS FRIENDS.
HERE'S THE PARROT!


CAN YOU TALK?
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
REMARKABLE!


WHAT IS THE DAY TODAY?
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

YOUR PARROT KNOWS ONLY ONE SENTENCE!

HA HA HA


WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN.
THERE NO DOUB ABOUT

THE CONSIDERATE SHOPKEEPER

Illustrations: Shekhar Jathar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Purswani Rani B., Ulhasnagar

READERS' CHOICE

THE FAT MAN

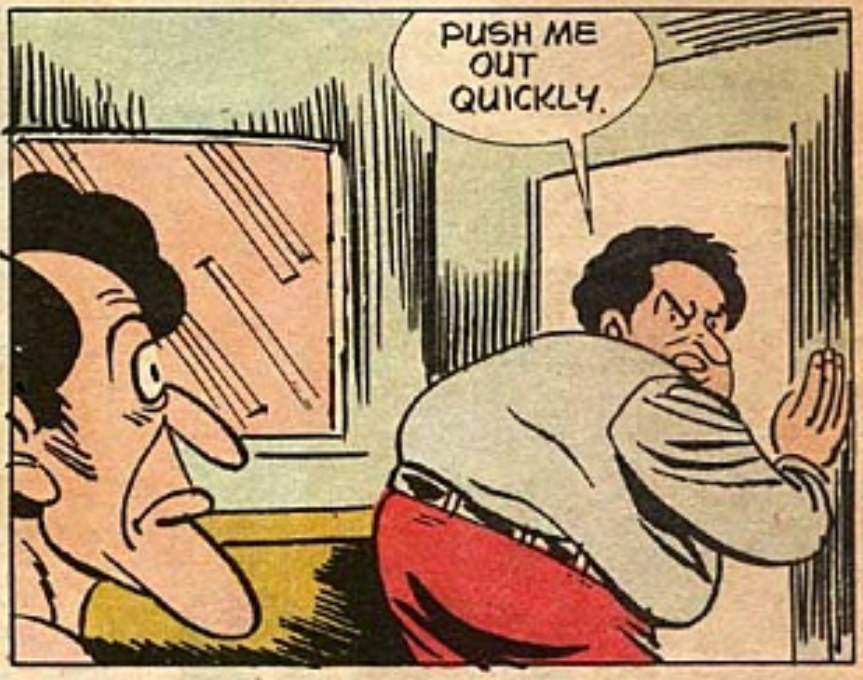
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based o
story se
Raj Vai
Panjim

I...I...
GET UP!

I... I'M SORRY. I WAS IN A HURRY AND...

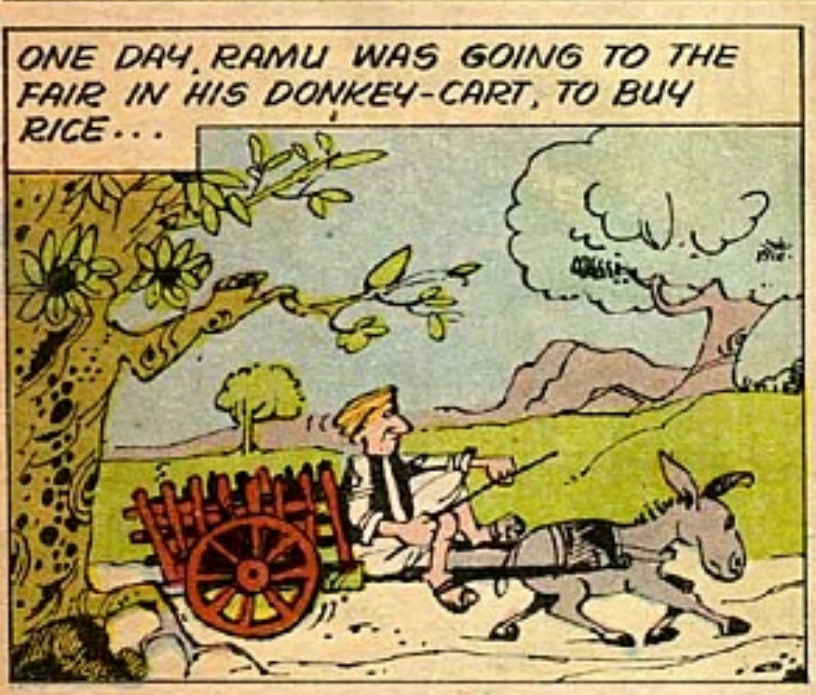
THE BUS STOPPED.
DON'T WASTE TIME. I WANT TO GET OFF.

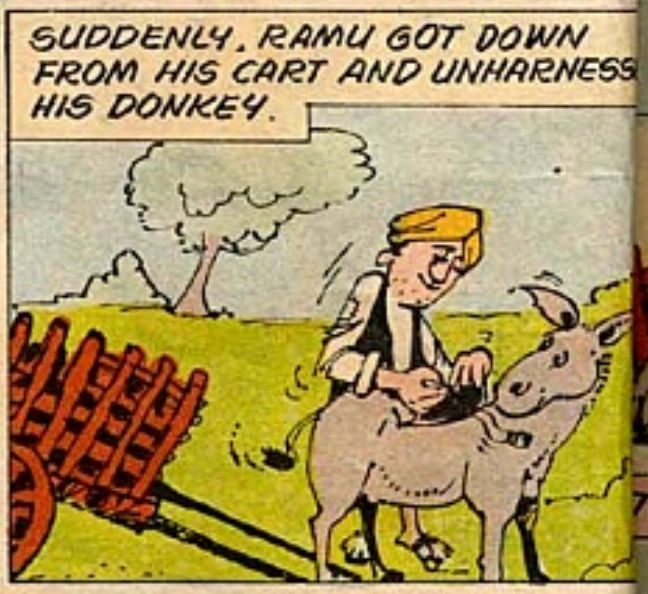

PUSH ME OUT QUICKLY.

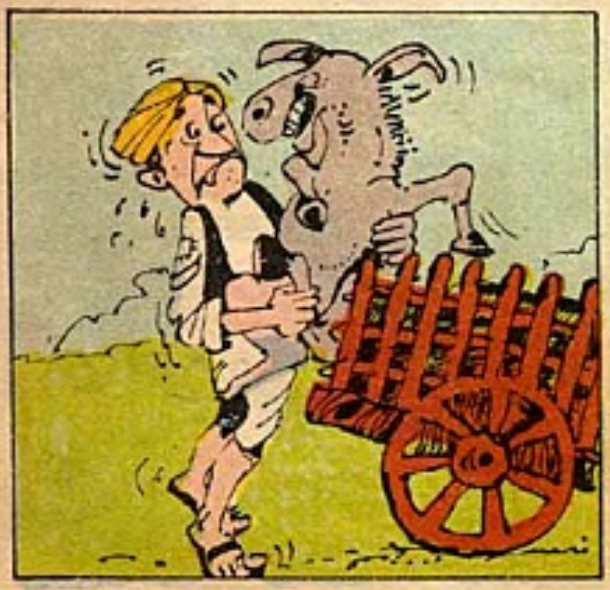
WHAM

The Fee

Story : P. Varadarajan
Illustrations : Prabhakar Patil



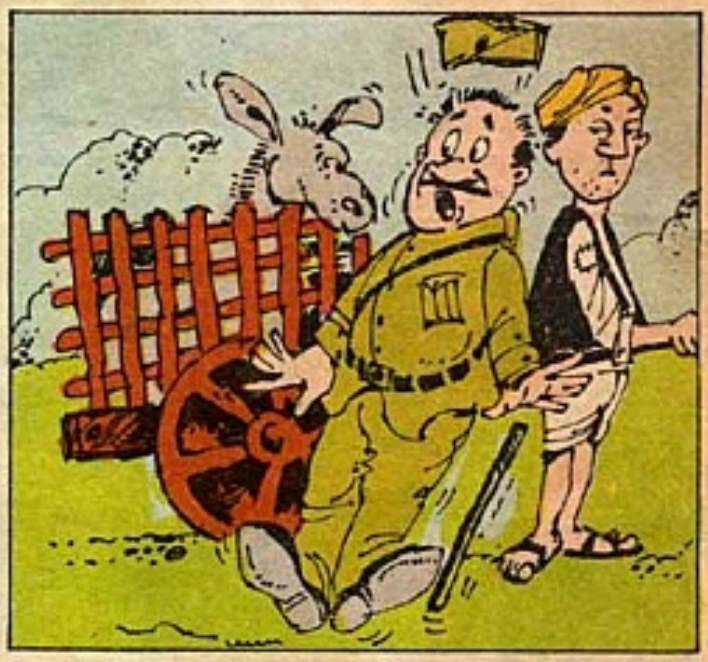




THEN RAMU SET OFF AGAIN.

AT THE BRIDGE —
YOU, THERE! WHERE'S YOUR TOLL FEE?

ASK THE DRIVER.



THEN —
HA, HA, HA, HA!

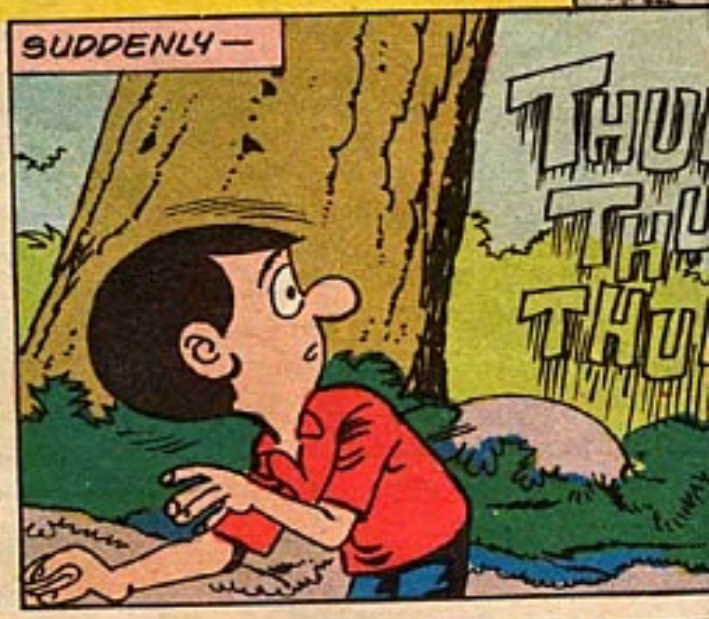
SO AMUSED WAS THE TOLL-KEEPER THAT HE MOVED ASIDE...
...AND LET RAMU CROSS OVER WITHOUT CHARGING HIM THE FEE.

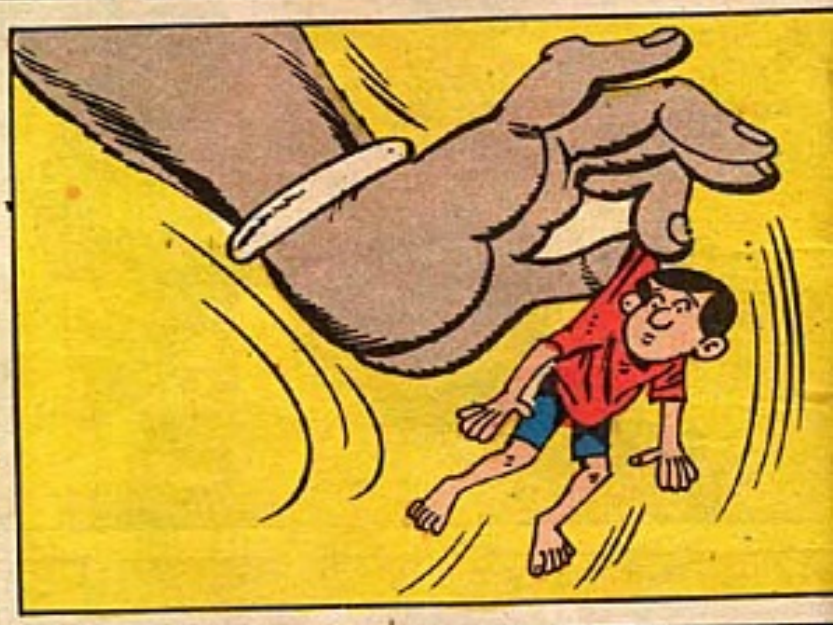
Readers' Choice

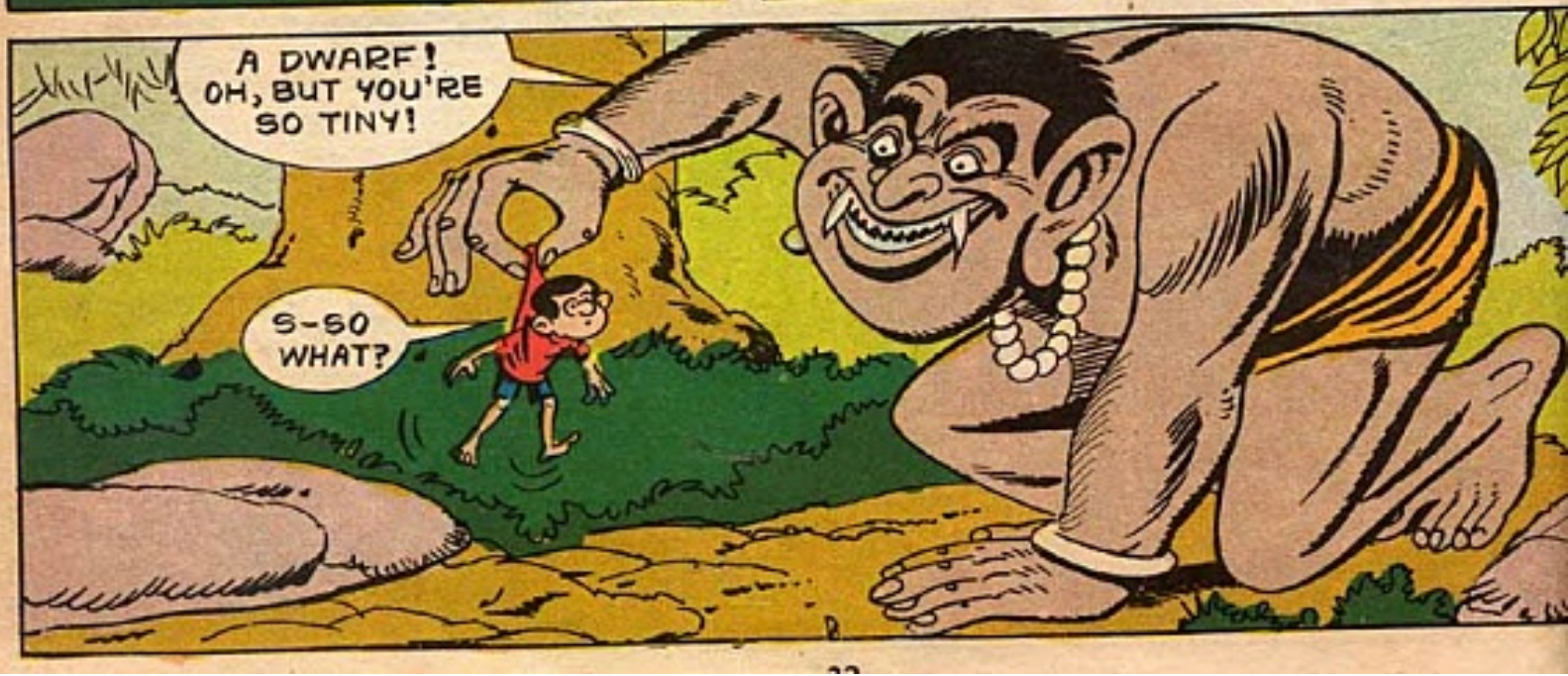
The Dwarf Who Outwitted the Giant

Based on a story sent by Praveen Murthy, Bangalore

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar







I AM JUST AS STRONG AND SMART AS YOU.
HA HA! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD.

ANYWAY, YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME. I'M HUNGRY.
WAIT A MINUTE, SIR.

YOU-YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY WANT TO EAT ME! I'M AFTER ALL, SO VERY SMALL!
I'LL LOOK FOR MORE FOOD AFTERWARDS.

WAIT!

I HAVE A CHALLENGE FOR YOU!
A CHALLENGE? FOR ME? FROM YOU?

WHAT SORT OF CHALLENGE?
PUT ME DOWN FIRST.

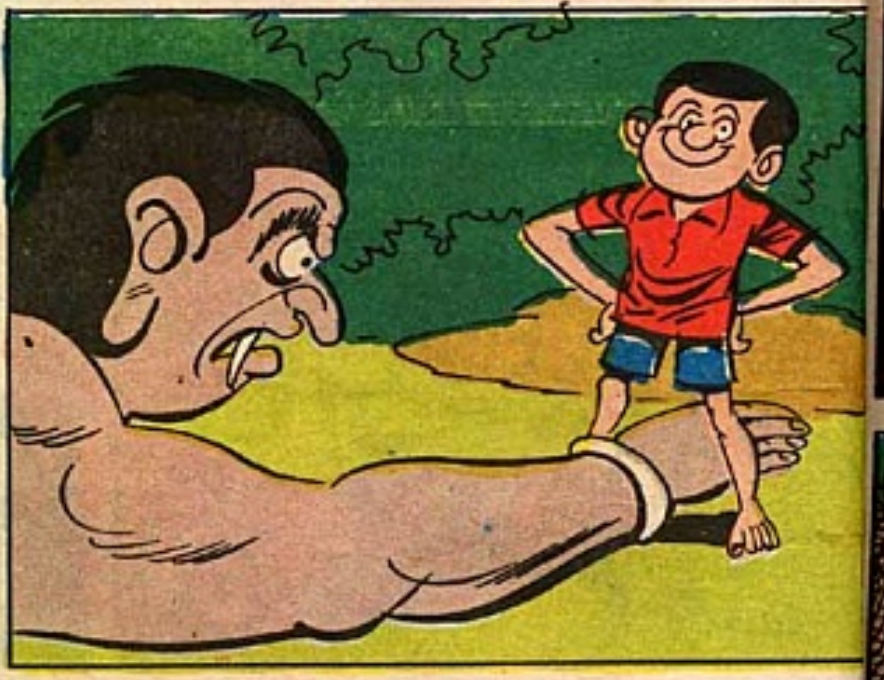
THERE!

WILL YOU LET ME GO IF YOU CAN'T DO WHAT I DO?
CERTAINLY!

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER!

?

NOW LET'S SEE YOU GO THROUGH MY LEGS AS I WENT THROUGH YOURS:

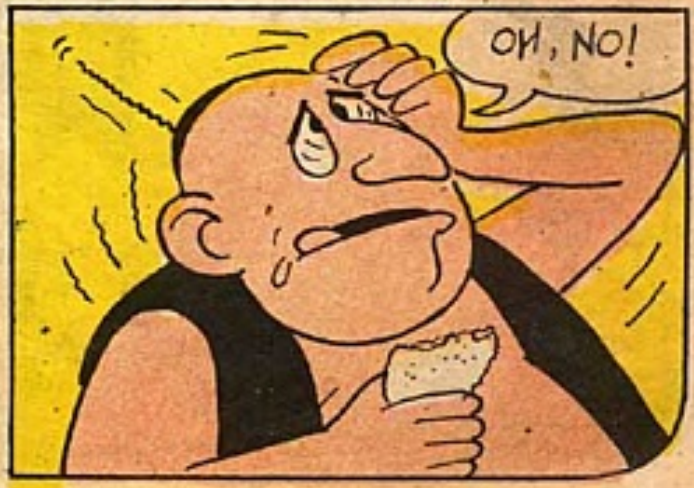


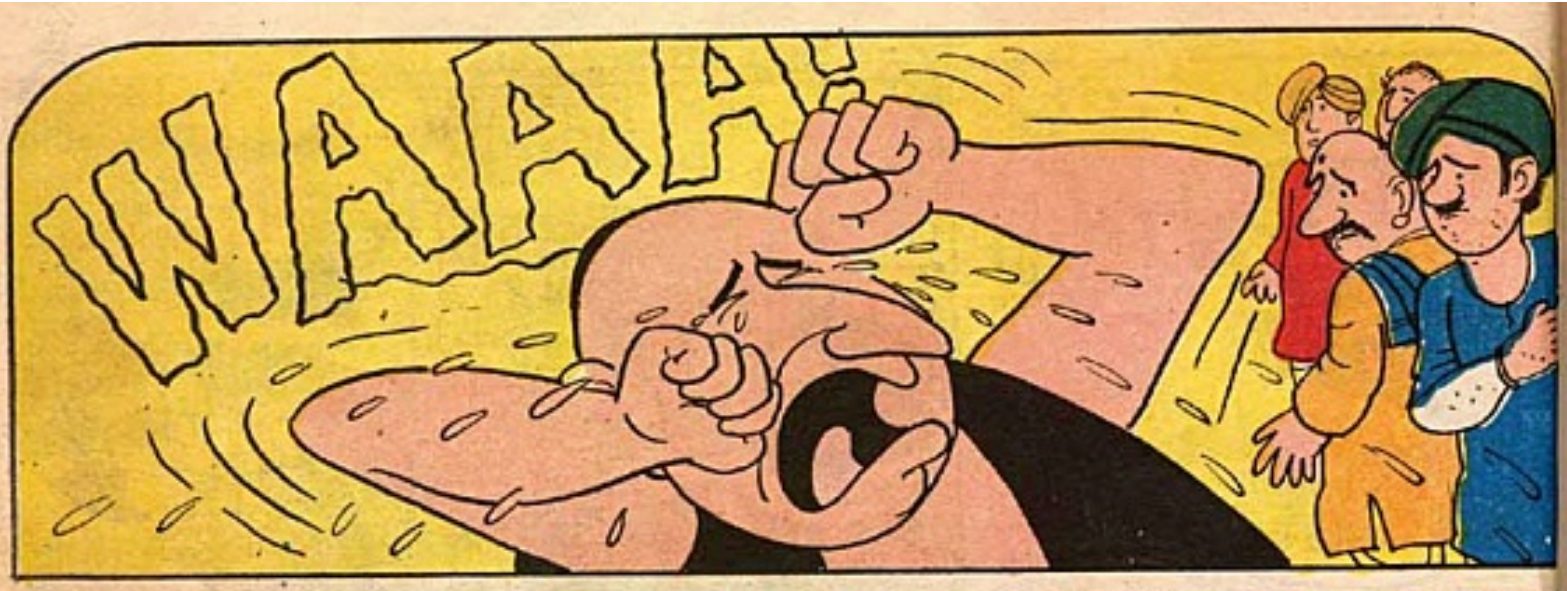
I CAN'T DO IT!

YOU CAN GO! BUT I'LL CATCH YOU AGAIN SOME DAY!
MILIND RAN AWAY AND NEVER WENT THAT WAY AGAIN.

THE SEVENTH IDLI

Script:
Rina Mukherji
Illustrations:
Sumitra S. Sawant

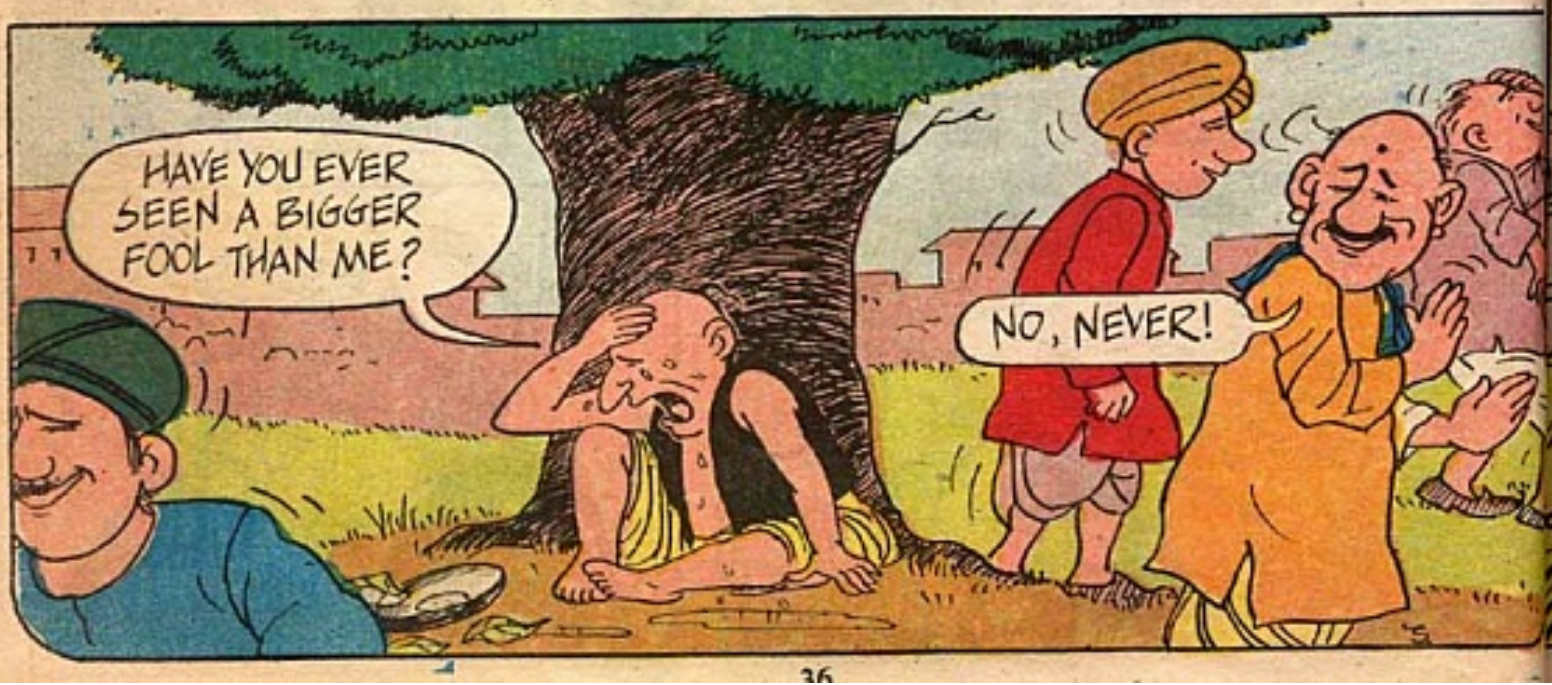



WAAH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR MAN? DO TELL US.
WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!

I BOUGHT EIGHT IDLIS FOR A RUPEE AND ATE SIX OF THEM.

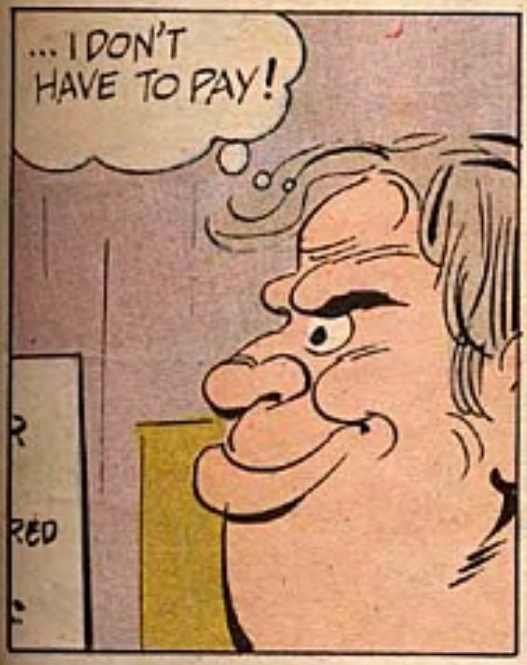
BUT IT WAS ONLY THE SEVENTH ONE WHICH SATISFIED MY HUNGER.
IF I HAD EATEN THE SEVENTH ONE FIRST I COULD HAVE SAVED THE OTHERS!


HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BIGGER FOOL THAN ME?
NO, NEVER!

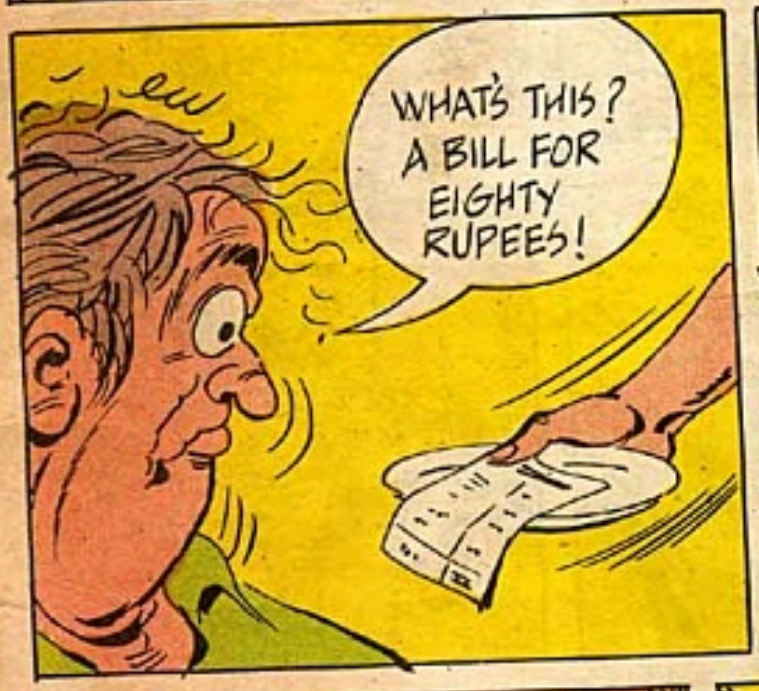
A MATTER OF PAYMENT

Based on a story sent by Dilip Kesari, Jharia

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar



AH! THAT WAS GOOD!


WHAT'S THIS? A BILL FOR EIGHTY RUPEES!

YOU HAVE WRITTEN OUTSIDE THAT BILLS WILL BE RECOVERED FROM ONE'S HEIRS!!!
YOU ARE RIGHT, SIR. THIS IS NOT YOUR BILL...

...IT'S YOUR FATHER'S!

THE MERCHANT AND THE THIEF

Illustrations : V. B. Halbe

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Subhash Godakh, Ahmednagar

ABOUT 6000 RUPEES...
6000 RUPEES!

THEY CARRIED ON WITH THEIR TRAVELS. THAT NIGHT, AS GHUNA WAS ASLEEP—
I MUST FIND HIS MONEY TONIGHT!

BUT HE WAS ONCE AGAIN DISAPPOINTED.
???

WHEN THEY REACHED SONAI—
I MUST CONFESS I AM A THIEF.
I KNEW THAT!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT A TRAVELLER HAS OUTSMARTED ME.

TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU HIDE YOUR MONEY?
IN THE SAFEST PLACE POSSIBLE...

...IN YOUR LUGGAGE EACH NIGHT!
!!

THE WATCHFUL EYE

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice

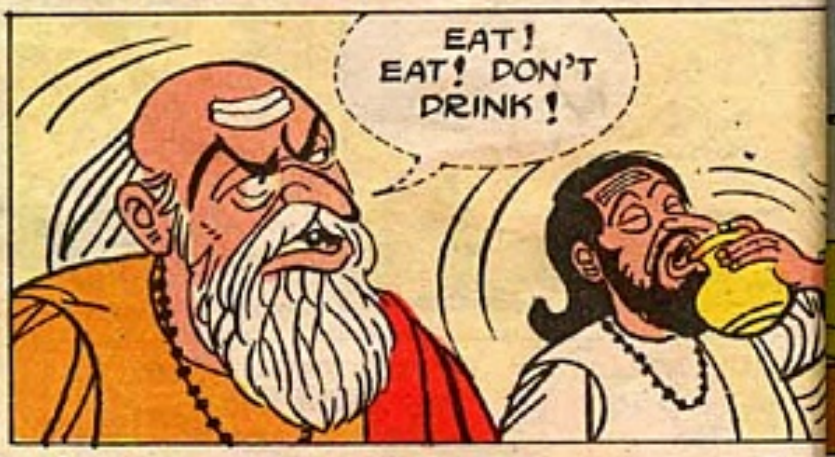
Based on a story sent by Iffat Rashid, Srinagar

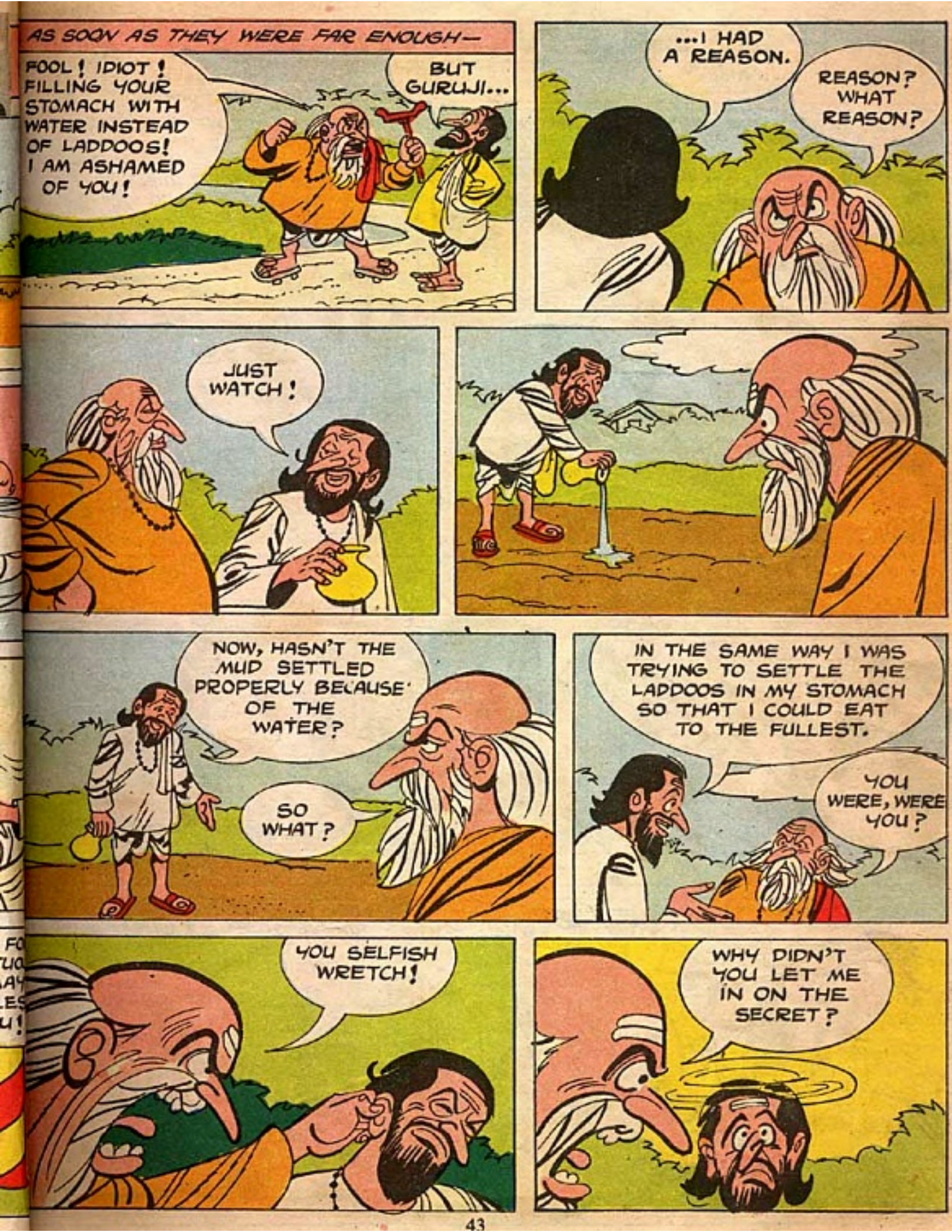
The Secret Reason

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Deepa Sethi, Nainital



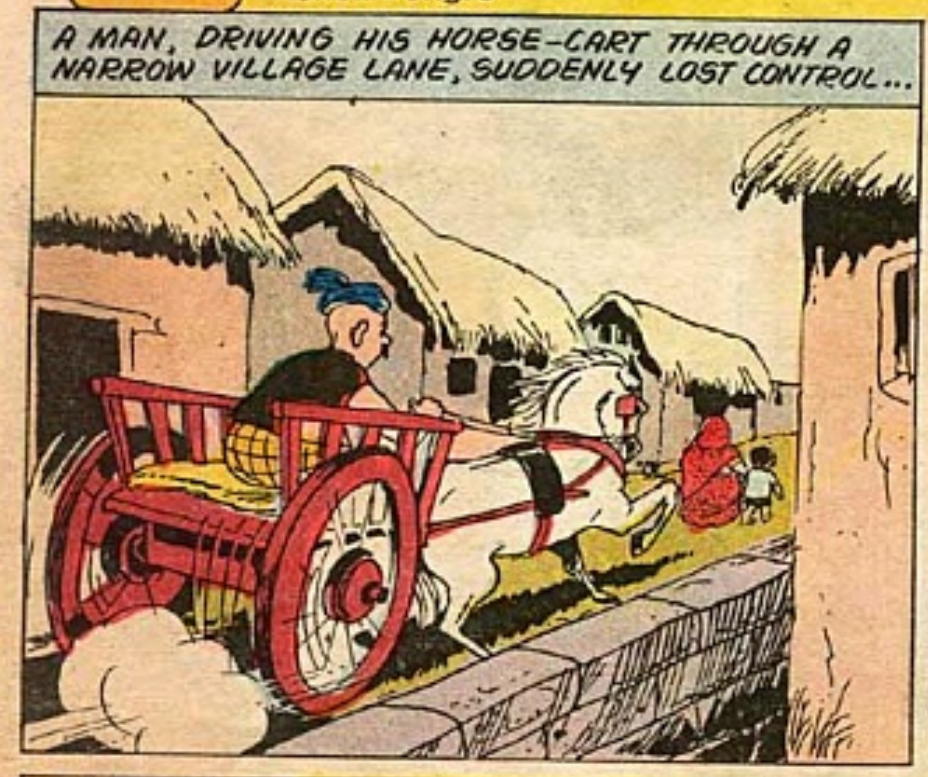

AS SOON AS THEY WERE FAR ENOUGH—
FOOL! IDIOT! FILLING YOUR STOMACH WITH WATER INSTEAD OF LADDOOS! I AM ASHAMED OF YOU!
BUT GURUJI...
...I HAD A REASON.
REASON? WHAT REASON?
JUST WATCH!
NOW, HASN'T THE MUD SETTLED PROPERLY BECAUSE OF THE WATER?
SO WHAT?
IN THE SAME WAY I WAS TRYING TO SETTLE THE LADDOOS IN MY STOMACH SO THAT I COULD EAT TO THE FULLEST.
YOU WERE, WERE YOU?
YOU SELFISH WRETCH!
WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME IN ON THE SECRET?

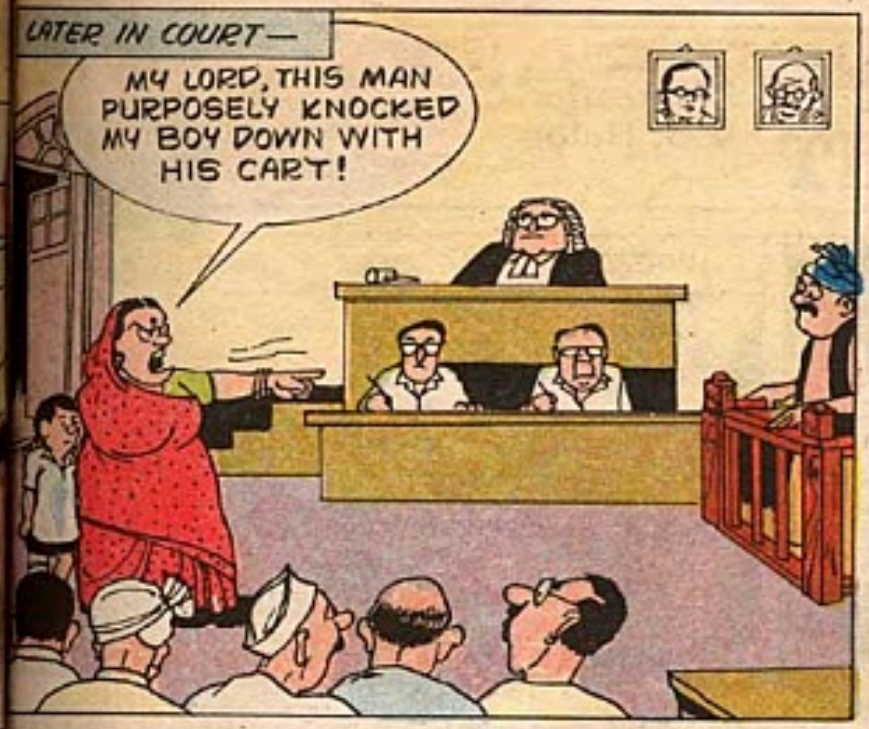
Readers' Choice

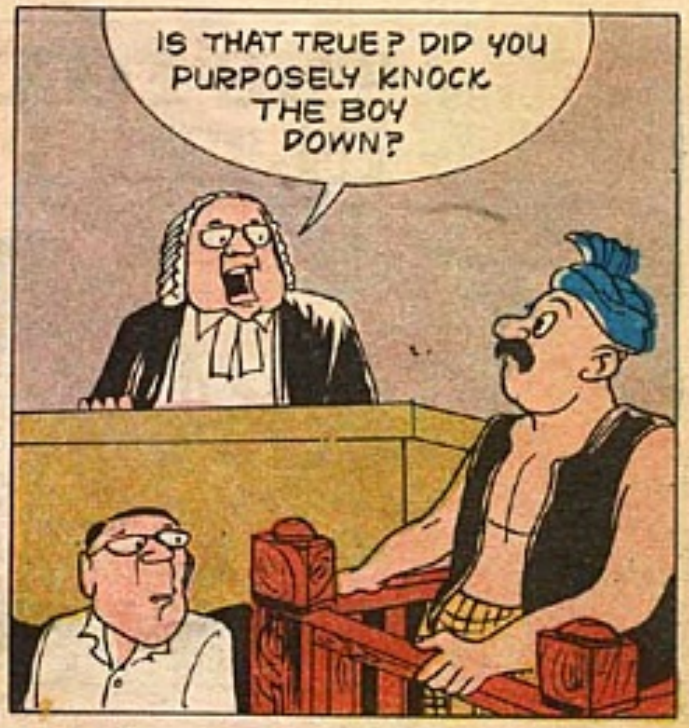
HIS SILENCE PAID

Illustrations
Ashok Dongre

Based on a story sent by
Saifuddin Topiwalla, Bombay




LATER IN COURT—
MY LORD, THIS MAN PURPOSELY KNOCKED MY BOY DOWN WITH HIS CART!


IS THAT TRUE? DID YOU PURPOSELY KNOCK THE BOY DOWN?

THE JUDGE REPEATED THE QUESTION BUT THE MAN LOOKED BLANKLY AT THE JUDGE.

I AM ASKING YOU A QUESTION! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

ON THE ROAD HE WAS SHOUTING: "MOVE TO THE SIDE! MOVE TO THE SIDE!" AND NOW HE'S NOT SAYING ANYTHING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT MY LORD? I KEPT ON SHOUTING TO EVERYONE TO GET OFF THE ROAD. I DID NOT HURT THE BOY ON PURPOSE.

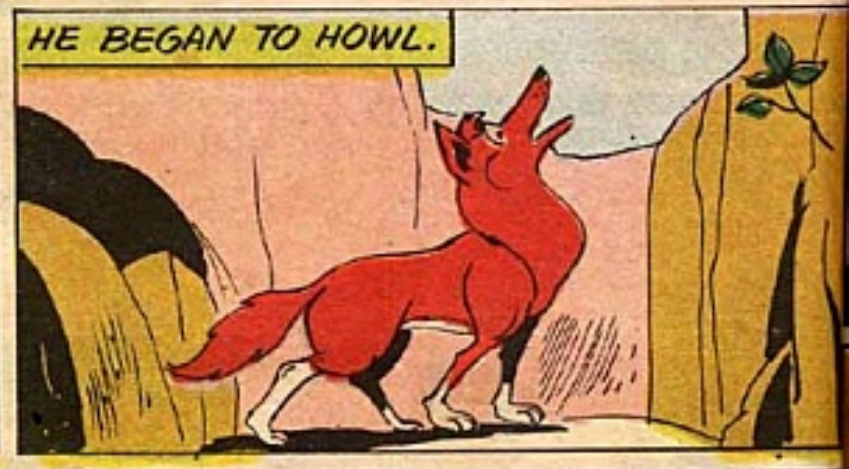
YOU MAY GO— SHE HAS NO CASE AGAINST YOU!

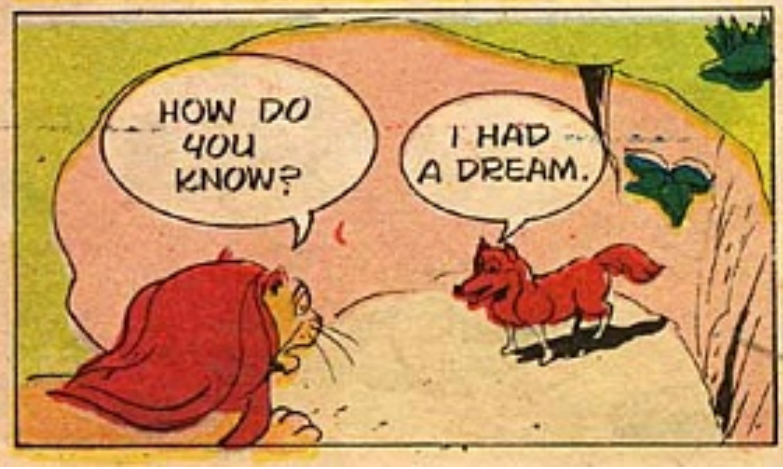
READERS' CHOICE

THE FOX IN THE PIT

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

Based on a story sent by S. Rajeeva, Bangalore





MAY I... ER... JOIN YOU?
ON ONE CONDITION.

YOU MUST NOT SNEEZE.
WHY NOT?

IF YOU DO, YOU'LL BE THROWN OUT.
OH! ALL RIGHT.

THE FOX BEGAN TO HOWL AGAIN. THIS TIME A BEAR HEARD HIM.
IS ANYTHING WRONG?

THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO BREAK UP.
BREAK UP!

ONLY THOSE IN THIS PIT WILL BE SAVED.
I SEE.

O, BROTHERS, PLEASE LET ME COME IN TOO.

YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO SNEEZE.
I PROMISE.

IF YOU DO YOU'LL BE THROWN OUT. JUMP IN.

THE FOX BEGAN TO HOWL AGAIN. SOON—

WHY ARE YOU HOWLING?

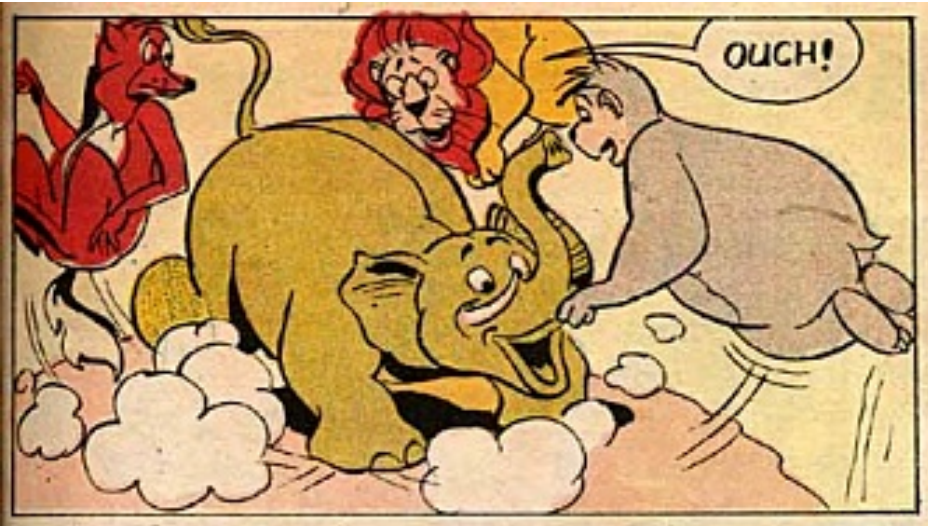
THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO BREAK INTO TWO.

ONLY THOSE WHO ARE IN THIS PIT WILL BE SAVED.

PLEASE LET ME JUMP IN TOO, FRIENDS.
ON ONE CONDITION.

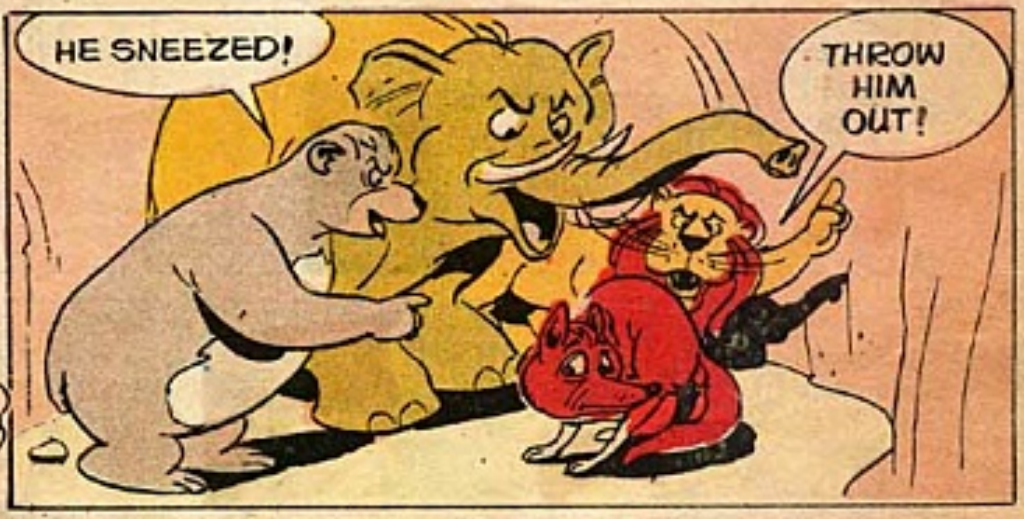
YOU MUST NOT SNEEZE. IF YOU DO, YOU'LL BE THROWN OUT.

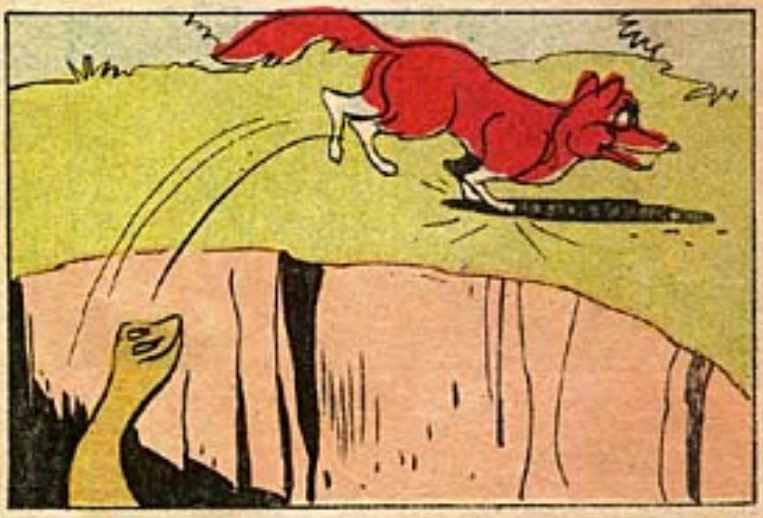
I NEVER. SNEEZE.

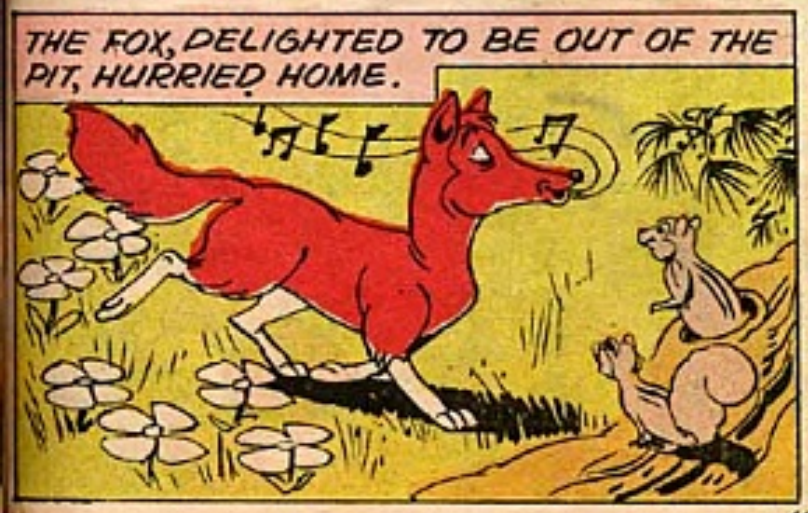

OUCH!

IT'S GETTING CROWDED IN HERE.

AA... AAAH... CHOO!


HE SNEEZED!
THROW HIM OUT!




THE FOX, DELIGHTED TO BE OUT OF THE PIT, HURRIED HOME.

AND IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THE OTHER ANIMALS REALISED THEY HAD BEEN TRICKED AND MANAGED TO GET OUT.

RAMESH EARNS A PILE

Readers' Choice

Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by K. Srinivasan, Coimbatore

THE GREEDY DOOR-KEEPER

Illustrations : Bapu Patil

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Qudsia Mahnaz, Hyderabad.

PLEASE BRING MY LUGGAGE IN.

AS THE DOOR-KEEPER STEPPED OUT—
SLAM!
HEY!

OPEN THE DOOR! OPEN THE DOOR!

YOU NEED A SILVER COIN TO OPEN THIS DOOR... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?
OH, YOU... YOU...!

HERE!

CHILLY OUTSIDE, ISN'T IT?

A PAIR OF CUCKOOS

Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

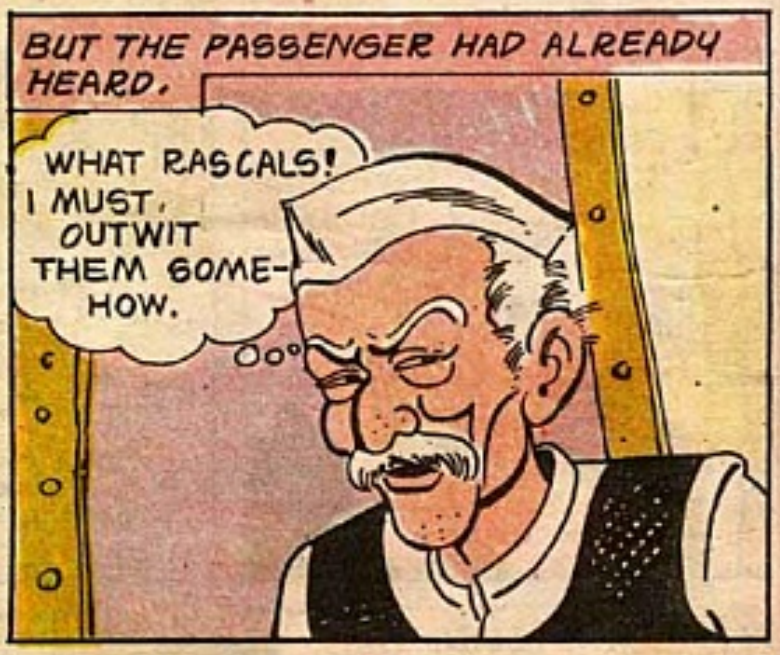
Based on a story sent by Praveen Kirpalani, Bombay

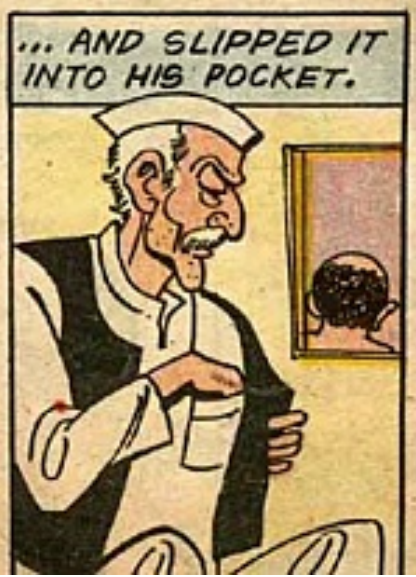
THE GOLD RING

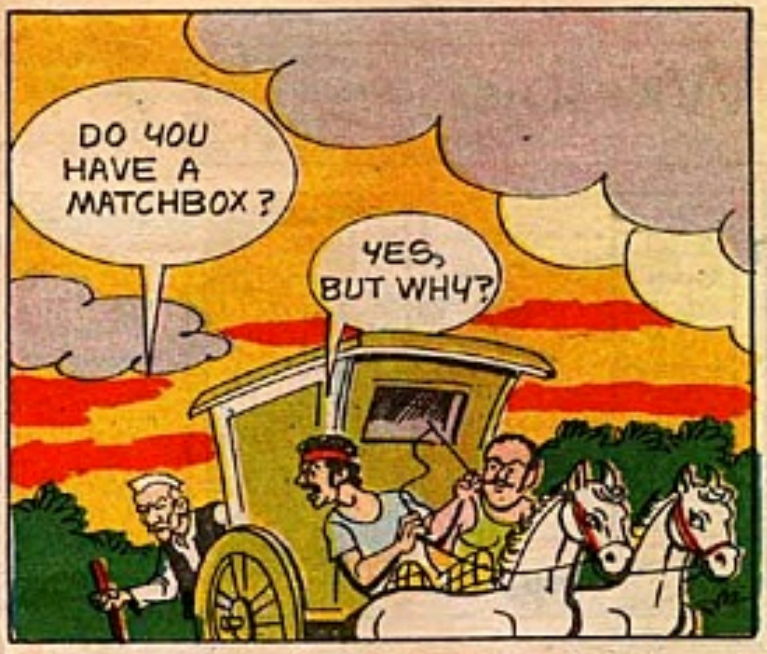
Illustrations by : M. Mohandas.

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by Rupam Kakotti, Jorhat.






DO YOU HAVE A MATCHBOX?
YES, BUT WHY?

MY GOLD RING SLIPPED OFF MY FINGER AND ROLLED UNDER THE SEAT.

AND IT'S TOO DARK IN THERE FOR ME TO FIND IT WITHOUT A LIGHT.

DON'T WORRY, OLD MAN! WE'LL FIND YOUR RING...

... AND KEEP IT FOR OURSELVES! HEH-HEH!

THEY FELL FOR MY TRICK.

AND I'VE REACHED HOME WITHOUT HAVING TO PAY THEM ANYTHING. HA HA HA!

Readers' Choice

The Face in the Window

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Tanuj Kumar, New Delhi

THE CITY LOVER

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by Hemal Parikh

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

TWO TRICKS

Illustrations : V.B. Halbe

Based on a story sent by M.B.Raghunandana, Adoni

BUT I'LL HAVE TO EAT WELL FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS.

THE STRONG MAN HAD THE BEST FOOD IN TOWN SENT TO THE YOUTH.
AH! THIS IS THE LIFE!

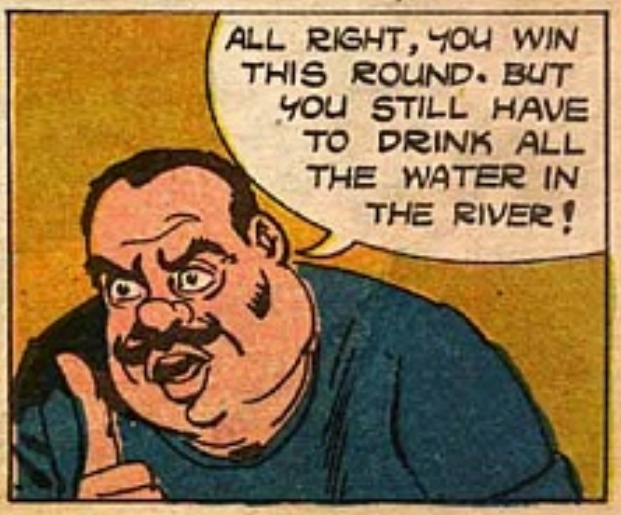
WHEN SUNDAY CAME AROUND—
SHALL WE GO?

THE WHOLE TOWN GATHERED TO WATCH THE SHOW.

I'M READY, SIR. YOU CAN PUT THE HILL ON MY BACK, NOW.

I CAN'T LIFT THE HILL! YOU DO IT YOURSELF.
OH, NO! I SAID I WOULD CARRY IT, NOT LIFT IT!

HAHAHA!
COME ON, LIFT THE HILL.
AND PUT IT ON HIS BACK!


ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN THIS ROUND. BUT YOU STILL HAVE TO DRINK ALL THE WATER IN THE RIVER!

THE YOUNG MAN WADED INTO THE RIVER.
WHERE AM I NOW, SIR?
IN THE RIVER...

HE FILLED A JUG FROM THE RIVER AND DRANK ALL THE WATER.

WHAT DID I DO JUST NOW, SIR?
YOU DRANK ALL THE WATER.

THERE YOU ARE, SIR. I DRANK ALL THE WATER IN THE RIVER.

WHAT A CLEVER FELLOW!
HA! HA!
CLAP! CLAP!

YOU...YOU TRICKSTER! I-I'LL...
DON'T BE ANGRY, SIR. I DID IT JUST FOR FUN. I DON'T WANT YOUR GOLD COINS.

WELL, YOU ARE VERY CLEVER, MY YOUNG FRIEND.

THE KING, TOO, WAS PLEASED.
HERE ARE A HUNDRED GOLD COINS FOR YOUR TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN!

Readers' Choice

Counting Floors

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

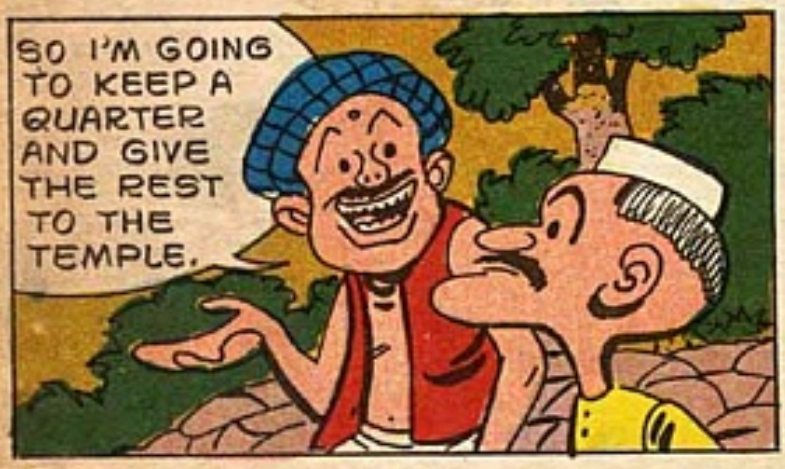
Based on a story sent by T.S. Jyothi, Bombay

MISERLY WIT

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by Reema Kagti, Digboi



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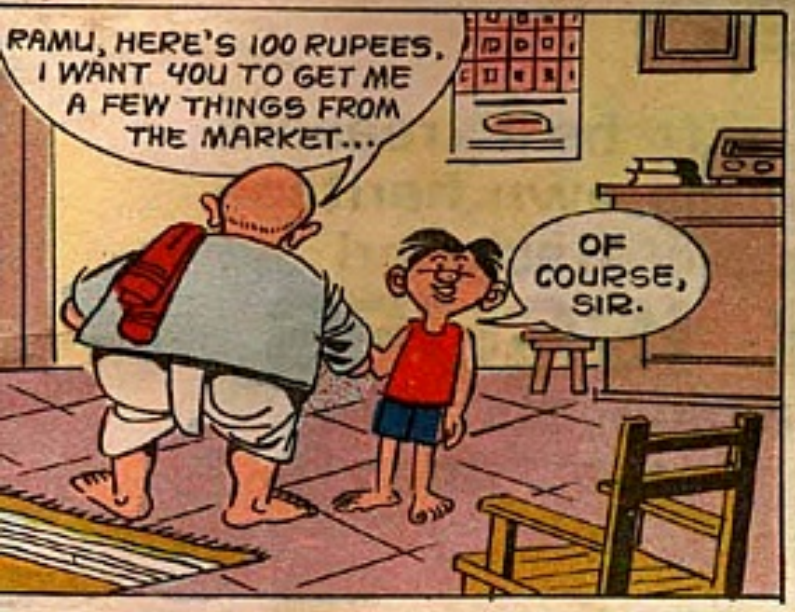
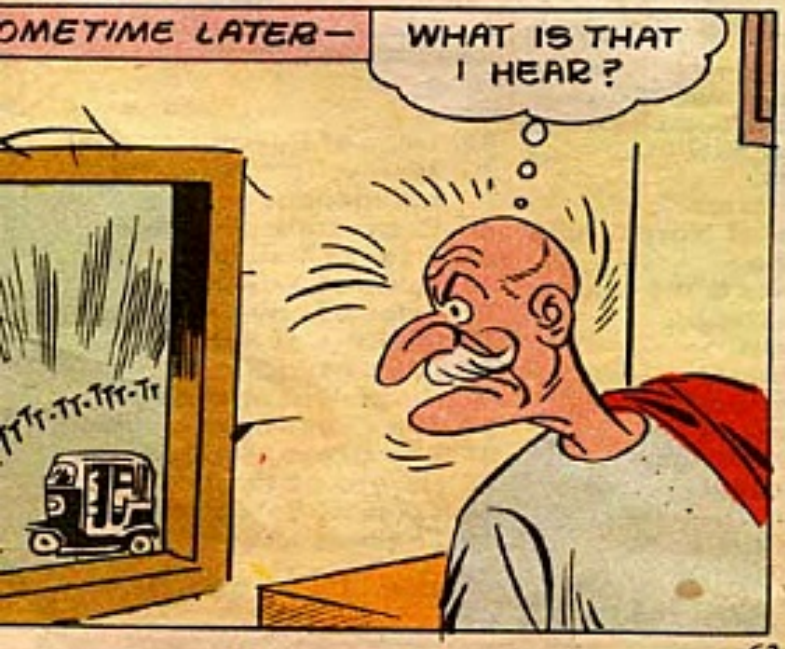
RAMU AND THE RICKSHAW

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by Kumar Menon, Cochin





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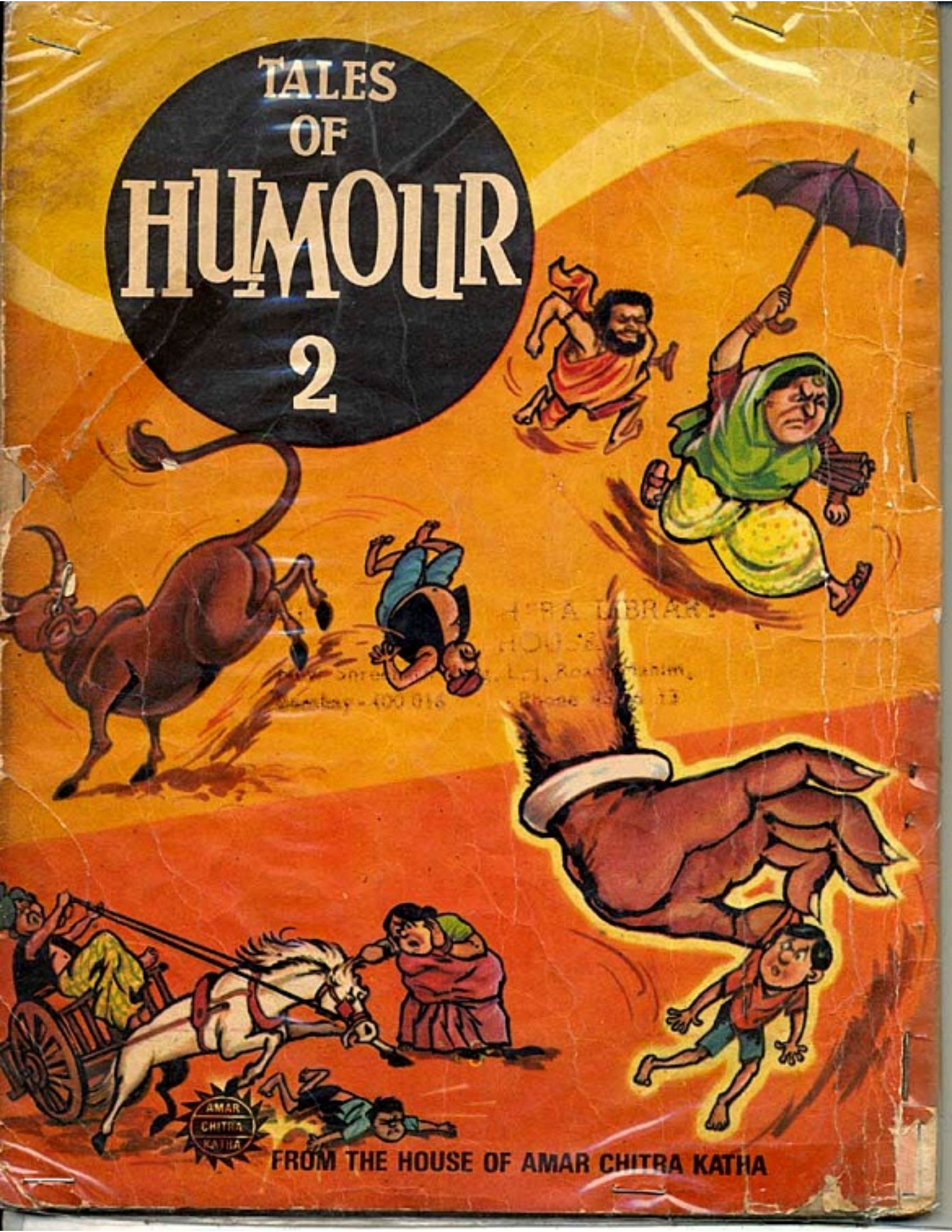
TALES OF HUMOUR 2



AMAR CHITRA KATHA

FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA